

T H E



Universal Melody;

O R,

.SONGSTER'S MAGAZINE.

By LYRICK CHAUNTER, GENT.

*The Man who hath no MUSIC in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.*

SHAKESPEAR.

V O L. I.



L O N D O N

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TO THE
Facetious Lord SKEGGS.

May it please your LORDSHIP,

A BOOK without a dedication, and
a dedication without flattery in
it, looks as awkward as your Lordship
without a broomstick in your hand. I have
therefore fixt upon your Lordship to pa-
tronizethis musical offspring of Parnassius,
as being the only man of Note thro'gout
the three kingdoms, and one whose cha-
racter in the Court of Comus stand the
most respectable. Your Lordship, I pre-
sume, will not be ashamed to countenance
this legitimate offspring; and though, per-
haps, you may sometimes think he appears
rather flat, you will oftener perceive him
as sharp as a needle. He can quaver as

well as any vocal performer now breathing, and has as many Crotchets in his nodale, as the most renowned Choice Spirit about town (your Lordship excepted.) If then your Lordship will kindly condescend to take him under your protection, you may depend upon having your praises sung in all companies,
by

Your most devoted,

Most obsequious, and

Most obedient humble Servant,

LYRICK CHAUNTER.

A N

A N
I N T R O D U C T O R Y
E S S A Y
O N
M U S I C.

OF all the fine Arts (excepting Poetry) none has exceeded *Musick*, or shewn a great *Genius* in a more distinguished way. *Poetry* has the advantage of delivering to its readers or hearers the finest precepts of morality, nay religion itself, in the most insinuating manner, so, by pleasing, it instructs; as some diseases are cured by being tickled. This is the happy talent of *Poetry*, either *Epic* or *Dramatic*: And certainly, of all other, a compleat *Opera* comes nearest that perfect state of *Poetry*; because you may there enjoy a finished regular table, accompanied with the most exquisite harmony.

As to the antiquity of these half-sisters, I shall not here presume to make any parallel. By all accounts, sacred and profane, both are very ancient; though most people seem inclined to give *Musick* the preference; and for the following weighty reason. The foun-

dation of all our public entertainments, is undeniably owing to some part of the religious worship of the first ages. The earliest accounts we have of any adoration paid to a Supreme Being, either in sacred or profane history, instruct us, that the performance was musical, either in hymns or songs, or by the sounds of instruments; and as the notions of a Divinity were naturally implanted in the minds of men, so their expressions of that knowledge first employed their leisure hours, and it is probable by *Music*. And I am apt to think, that the measures of that art first gave the hint and model for the numbers of *Poetry*. This we are certain of, that in all ages of the world, nothing has shewn a greater power over the passions in general than *Music*. It commands the soul, and moulds the heart at will; it forces mankind to be gay or grave, amorous or religious, effeminate or brave, according to its beauty, justness, or variety: The master's skill inspiring us with sentiments artfully thrown into our minds, and all over our bodies, by thrilling notes and captivating sounds.

It will be expected that I should, at least in a cursory manner, take some notice of the *Music* of the ancients, both vocal and instrumental; but I confess myself altogether

gether at a loss to produce any thing upon that head, either in the way of study or conversation, that will prove satisfactory to the reader. I have canvassed many authors, in order to make some regular remarks upon their composition, harmony, and difference of instruments, but found the affair so intricate, and my guides so blind, that, despairing of success, I quitted the search. The prodigious force of sounds we often meet with in all their poets, exaggerated to the most miraculous degree, and stretched beyond the bounds of probability : But we are sensible, that with them every thing was enveloped in mysterious allegories. Thus moral instructions were conveyed to the people in the fables of *Amphion's* lute building the walls of *Thebes* ; *Orpheus's* lyre taming the most savage beasts ; and *Arion's* harp charming the monsters of the deep into a tenderness unknown to mankind. Yet setting aside all fiction, though instructive, this we may take for granted, that the trembling strings, touched by *David's* artful hand, calmed into gentleness the raging tyranny of froward *Saul* ; and the conqueror of the world was subdued by *Timotheus's* notes, the skilful master raising and lowering his spirits, or whirling him from passion to passion, just as he pleased to exert his power. Yet notwithstanding what has been said of the excellence of the ancients in *Musick*.

est prejudice must allow, that, in several respects, they were a parcel of *dull Souls*, compared to this *modern* brilliant generation.

NEVER was the passion for *Music* raised to so high a pitch of extravagance than in this sing-song age. Every prentice boy, who can hardly read his own name, sets up for a *Choice Spirit*; and thinks himself a proficient upon the *German Flute*, though he can hardly tell the difference between a flat and a sharp; every pretty little miss, from ten to twenty, is thrumming her Guittar; and every old woman is ready to leap out of her skin at the sound of a fiddle. *Love in a Village* has gained the love of the town; and the * *Mill* has brought more *Grist* to the managers of *Covent-Garden* theatre than the “*Stale, dull, and unprofitable*” scenes of *Hamlet* and *Lear*. In short, this fondness for *Music* is become so universal, that he who is not ravished with the harmonious warblings of a *Brent* and *Wright*, or tickled with the harmonious strains of *Beard* and *Shuter*, is looked upon in every polite assembly as an insensible and unfeeling wretch; and, according to the words of our Motto,

Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.

* Maid of the Mill.

T H E



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☞ *All that are mark'd thus * are ORIGINALS.*

* S O N G I.

A BUCKS SONG.

The words by Mr. INGLEDUE.

KINGS, Emperors, and Turks boast how
mighty they are,
Whilst Bucks, though but subjects, are hap-
pier far ;

More happy, as gay and as wise :
If women, good humour, mirth, honour, and wine,
Can change man from mortal and make him divine ;
From these all our pleasures arise,

Whilst

Whilst dull drowsy creatures pass years after years,
To joys like ours, heighten'd, quite strangers their
cares;

Their cares, their lives daily destroy :
We Bucks, as by nature innate, blythe and gay ;
Kiss, drink, laugh, and sing, care and trouble away ;
And life's a compleat scene of joy.

Let those who are guided by musty old rules,
Who dare us pronounce either monsters or fools,
Of censure themselves hence beware ;
For Bucks of true spirit, mirth, honour, and sense,
Can have for enjoyment as well as defence
The sweetest companions, the fair.

Appeal to the sex, either country or town,
With those we sit up with, or those we lay down ;
For them, Bucks, by choice, are the men :
By pleasure peculiar we heighten their joy ;
Them fly to defend, when we court, kiss, and toy ;
Act the scene o'er again and again.

Then charge, my choice spirits, your bumpers fill high,
In chorus your voices send up thro' the sky ;
And let th' immortals to know,
Tho' men are but mortal by nature on earth,
We Bucks grow divine thro' our virtue and mirth,
And excel all mankind here below.



* S O N G II.

ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS ;
Or the Force of Friendship.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN stern Achilles left the Grecian band,
And orders gave to seek his native land ;
Just

Just as the naval fleet prepar'd to go,
 Patroclus strove Achilles' grief to know.
 Whence comes that sigh, — why heaves thy manly
 breast,
 What fiend invidious robs my friend of rest ?
 Divine Achilles, let Patroclus know,
 For friends should always share in private woe:
 Enough, Achilles, said—most noble youth,
 From thee alas ! who can conceal the truth.

A I R.

Know then, my friend, ingrateful, Greece
 This day demands Briseis fair ;
 And I, alas ! no more shall cease
 To be immers'd in endless care.
 But mark, ye Gods, should Hector carnage spread,
 Unmov'd Achilles will smile o'er the dead,

R E C I T A T I V E.

Patroclus heard, while tears half drown his eyes ;
 And could you see your country bleed, he cries ?
 Could you relentless to the prayer of all,
 See Hector triumph in the Grecians fall ?
 Behold ! they fly——to partly is disgrace ;
 Lend me your armour, I'll the danger face :
 Hector himself will be alarm'd with fears,
 When in the front thy blazing crest appears.
 Achilles like, I'll see my country freed,
 Or bravely in the glorious combat bleed.

A I R.

Omnipotent Jove,
 And ye powers above,
 From dangers great Achilles shield,
 While I undismay'd,
 In his armour array'd,
 Seek peril and death in the field.

Adieu

The SONGSTER'S

Adieu then, my friend,
 I'll strive to defend
 Those princes Achilles did shield:
 Oh! may I, like you,
 Great Hector subdue,
 Or breathless be stretch'd in the field.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate griefs Achilles' bosom rend,
 He scarce can say farewell, adieu, my friend.
 Patroclus clad in godlike armour bright,
 Each Trojan trembles at the boding sight.
 The fight began; but oh! the Fates decreed
 Patroclus for ungrateful Greece should bleed;
 He fell:—yet e'er an herald could disclose
 What cause Achilles had for inward woes,
 The godlike warrior the sad tidings guess'd,
 And thus the anguish of his soul express'd.

AIR.

My friend, I conceive, by the aspect you wear,
 Your message my peace may destroy;
 But Achilles is proof against sorrow and care,
 And never again will know joy.
 If Patroclus is dead, oh! ye powers divine,
 The hand that depriv'd him of breath,
 Let it feel, in return, the vengeance of mine,
 And death be aton'd for in death.

AIR.

Once more in the field cruel Hector shall find
 Achilles his valour will try;
 Achilles will prove him, no skulking behind
 Shall enable the traitor to fly.
 Then grant, potent Jove, since Patroclus is slain,
 This arm may the wretch's blood spill;
 When revenge is compleat, on yon hostile plain,
 Do with me, great Jove, what you will.

SONG



* SONG III.

A HUNTING SONG.

HARK away! hark away! hark away!
 We'll chace the fleet hare by the dawn;
 We're up, my brave lads, before day,
 Our sport will be over e'er morn.

Pale echo who silent has been,
 No longer in slumbers shall lie;
 But awak'd by our dogs on the green,
 From hills to the vallies reply.

The hare is put up, my brave souls;
 Lo! yonder she bruishes the glade;
 See Pompey hew fleetly he bows,
 Poor puss is most sadly afraid.

She turns and she doubles in vain,
 And, hoic! she now loses breath;
 Huzza, she is flat on the plain,
 We'll revel, my boys, o'er her death.



* SONG IV.

The Jovial PHILOSOPHER.

BE content in your station, my friend,
 The maxim is *probatum est*;
 Life's short from beginning to end,
 Then let us pass thro' it with zest.

The monarch surrounded by fame,
 Can taste no more pleasure than you;
 His passions and feelings the same,
 Desires and wishes as few.

The cobbler who hugs his brown lass,
 Feels emotions of love full as strong
 As those of a much higher class,
 And glories he won her by song.

For the loss of a nail tinkers rage,
 As much as for realms a great king;
 With clamours our ears both engage,
 And much the same peal they both ring.

On my word, my good friend, we're a crowd
 Variegated among great and small;
 We take it by turns to be proud,
 And likewise by turns rise and fall.

Like actors, who strut for an hour
 In all the grand flav'ry of state;
 Next day abdicated from power,
 With pages o'er porter they'll prate.

Then from an enlivening bowl,
 While your reason holds good never flinch;
 For life's but a span, my brave soul,
 Then faith we'll enjoy every inch.



* S O N G V.

The Triple Disposition of the SEXES.

W H A T various expressions our language
 allows
 To a lover, a bridegroom, and veteran spouse;
 How diff'rent their thought, and how diff'rent their
 carriage,
 In courtship, at wedding, and after their marriage.
 The lover whines out in a languishing air,
 My beauty, my angel, my charmer, my fair;
 Her

Her cheeks are like roses, her lips are like ruby;
He makes her a goddess, she makes him a booby.

The bridegroom now thinks he more freedom can
take,

And calls her his deary, his duck, and his drake;
He swears time itself his love cannot cool;
He thinks her an angel, she thinks him a fool.

The husband in short time can clearer perceive,
For what people see, they are apt to believe;
He thinks her a compound of mischief and evil,
He calls her whore, and she calls him a devil.



SONG VI.

YE Circles of the fair and brave,
Who to Black-Heath repair;
Who noise, and dust, and business leave,
To breath untainted air;
Lo! here's a Walk, which when you view,
You'll love the sun and Montague.

The lark, in notes of early morn,
The thrush and linner sweet,
The nightingale, with breast on thorn,
In warbling concert meet;
And o'er this walk their strains renew,
To praise the sun and Montague.

Let Courtiers bless St. James's rays,
The drawing-room and ball;
Let belles and beaux at playhouse gaze,
Or gaily trip the Mall;
Court, plays, and Mall, farewell to you,
I'll to the sun and Montague.



* S O N G VII.

SWEET Sally to suffer ordains me,
 To languish, to sigh, and despair;
 By her looks, I perceive she disdains me;
 So cruel she is, tho' so fair.

What fate is as wretched as mine is,
 If Sally my love does neglect?
 And tho' in my eyes she divine is,
 Yet to gain her I ne'er can expect.

If from Sally a smile I discover,
 It softens my present distress;
 Tho' I fear she is loving another,
 Yet still I'm in hopes of success:
 But when I reflect at my leisure,
 I perceive my endeavours are vain;
 For how can I gain that blest treasure,
 The gods for themselves do ordain.

Was to me then my Sally but given,
 Oh! what would my pleasure destroy?
 For nothing on earth, nor in heaven,
 Could equal that moment of joy.
 For since I have known the dear creature,
 This reason I have for my fears;
 Sweet Sally's a goddess in feature,
 Tho' she but a woman appears.



* S O N G VIII.

THINK not man from art is free,
 Any more than woman kind;
 For they flatter when they see;
 They our female weakness blind.

If we are easy to believe,
Men are subject to deceive;
Then, ye fair, declare; who can
Love that faithless creature, man?

Men by stratagems most strange,
For us women lay a snare;
First they ruin, then they change,
Careless for the injur'd fair:
From thence our future woes begin,
From a small, to greater sin.
Then, ye fair, &c.

Shun then, lovely charmers, shun;
Shun the fatal killing dart;
If you feel it you're undone,
For it rankles in the heart;
It's venom'd point to wound is sure,
Beyond all human art to cure.
Then, ye fair, &c.

Wonder not then, perjur'd man,
If for gold we sell our charms;
You our ruin first began,
And entic'd us to your arms;
Since then your faith we cannot trust,
Blame not us if we're unjust.
Then, ye fair, &c.

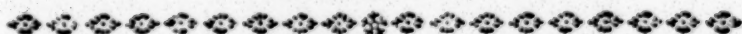
* S O N G IX.

The Desolate LOVER.

ER I lov'd I could frolic and play,
And knew the sweet charms of repose;
To solicitude now I'm a prey,
My only companions are woes.

If sleep kindly closes my eyes,
 Fancy raises the image of care ;
 I start, overcome by surprize,
 And wake to my former despair.

Thus waking or sleeping, my mind
 Is fad'd keen sorrow to feel ;
 Then, Venus, oh! goddess be kind,
 And teach me my anguish to heal.



* S O N G X .

AN HYMENEAL CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

HENCE care and sorrow, hence all jarring strife,
 Let mirth abound, now Jenny is a wife ;
 Let discord, enmity, and envy cease,
 And nought be seen but love, content, and peace.
 And may hence forward each consenting pair,
 Such satisfaction in their nuptials share.

A I R .

May the joyous and gay
 Who are present each day,
 Be strangers to sorrowful thinking ;
 May every one be
 Good humour'd and free,
 While prudence directs us in drinking.

Let your bucks then declare,
 Who, to subdue the fair,
 New schemes are continually trying ;
 How soon they are cloy'd
 When the object's enjoy'd,
 And condemn the weak fair for complying.

Then

Then swains learn to love,
 If you'd happiness prove,
 Not the blooming young maiden for beauty ;
 But the girl, who, with care,
 Has avoided the snare,
 Nor yields till commanded by duty.

Then let's fill up each glass,
 May each swain find his lass
 Like Jenny, consenting and tender ;
 May the fair learn to stay,
 Till the priest says obey,
 And stern virtue applauds the surrender.

RECITATIVE.

The lovely fair, as near her lord advanc'd,
 A smile upon him ravishingly glanc'd,
 Conflicting passions glow within her breast,
 Till potent love these sentiments express'd.

AIR.

Was ever a maiden so happy as me,
 Who daily with pleasure can view
 The man whom I chose, a foe to deceit,
 So worthy, so artless, so true ;
 Oh, may then each fair, who to marriage consents,
 Be blest'd with a husband like mine ;
 For when with the hand we the heart interchange,
 Love then is a passion divine.

Let all those who think to be happy in life,
 This maxim for ever retain ;
 Though vice for a time may our reason beguile,
 The offspring of folly is pain.
 But ah ! how reverse is the state of the fair,
 Whose heart is in bondage at ease ;
 For love is refin'd in the marriage embrace,
 And virtue is certain to please.

SONG

SONG XI.

The FAIRY.*Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.*

IN days of yore, when on the plain
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy train
 In sportive gambols took delight,
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light;
 If e'er our grand dames did amiss,
 The punishment, ye fair! was this:

Was lady Mary ever known
 To toy with Celadon alone;
 Did avarice her bosom fill,
 With passions strong for dear Quadrille:
 Or did her heart for dancing beat,
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,
 Her petticoats too short before;
 Or if, to catch the gazer's sight,
 She us'd the arts of red and white;
 The little spiteful pigmy crew
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy days we fix,
 The British dames of sixty-six
 Are not afraid of rigid elves;
 They know no guardian but themselves.
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,
 Hear me, nor think the lesson rude.

Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one is pleasure-mad,
 This method I should think the best,
 To keep a fairy in your breast;
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far.

SONG



* S O N G XII.

The INVITATION.

NOW the wintry rains are o'er,
 Rattling blast, and stormy roar ;
 Now the sun resumes his ray,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Spring renews her beauteous birth,
 Rising from the teeming earth ;
 Birds salute the op'ning day,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Turtles cooing, trill the note,
 Softly through the warbling throat ;
 Pair'd they sit on ev'ry spray,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Flora's bounty decks the fields,
 Every beauty Flora yields ;
 While each flo'wret seems to say,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Op'ning pleasure now invites,
 Sheds around it's new delights ;
 All the village now is gay,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Shepherds wait us on the plain,
 Ev'ry nymph has join'd her swain ;
 Nature too is doubly gay,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Will, my love, a chaplet wear,
 Braided roses for her hair ;
 While we thro' the thicket stray,
 Rise, my fair, and come away,

Thro'

Thro' the thicket, thro' the grove,
 Feats of pleasure, feats of love ;
 Minutes fly by this delay,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.

Chuse what pastime suits thee best,
 Leave this dull, inactive rest ;
 By the brook no longer stay,
 Rise, my fair, and come away.



* SONG XIII.

The HAPPY LOVER.*An* AIR.

THroughout the nation, Sir, find me a lass,
 That's loving, engaging, and pretty ;
 She freely into my affection shall pass,
 As sure as there's fools in the city.

And if she proves kind, Sir, why, I shall prove true,
 And justly esteem her my treasure ;
 But should she be scornful, what then shall I do ?
 Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.



* SONG XIV.

The LOVER'S DECLARATION.

LET Misers seek riches, let statesmen seek places,
 And sordidly courtiers hunt pensions ;
 At their heart's feeling anguish, with smiles on their
 faces,
 Encompass'd around by dissensions.

Pursuits,

Pursuits such as these can no pleasures bestow,
But are often attended with shame;
With desires more noble and generous I glow,
The hope of a mutual flame.

Then Venus, bright goddess, be firmly my friend,
And Cupid attend to my plea;
A sharp pointed arrow into her breast send,
And wound her as she's wounded me.



* S O N G. XV.

The MOUSE and the RAT.

To the Tune of the old Woman of Grimstone.

WHEN a certain great house
Was alarm'd by a mouse,
They said that they'd quickly expel him ;
But one Mr. Monday,
A wise one for certain,
Declar'd it was wisest to kill him.

Then arm'd cap-a-pee,
With a pistoll went he,
Egad 'twas a scene of high mirth ;
To shoot the poor mouse,
And expel him the house,
He resolv'd to expel him the earth.

This method they say,
Is a short and sure way,
If a house should be troubled with mice ;
So without any flurry,
Shoot 'em all in a hurry,
And then they're expell'd in a trice.

Should

Should this house contain
 Such vermin again,
 'Twere easy enough to outroot 'em;
 Were there twenty and more,
 Ay, twice twenty score,
 Send for brave Mr. M^{undy} to shoot 'em.

Then talk ye no more,
 Of your marksmen of yore,
 Of a more skilful marksman I tell ye;
 Squire M^{undy} by name,
 Had a much better aim,
 For he shot a poor mouse in the belly.

But why was this house
 So alarm'd at a mouse,
 Pray, tell me the reason of that;
 Methinks at this time,
 For the sake of a rhyme,
 They might easily smell out a rat.

This rat, as they say,
 Has by night and by day,
 Been gnawing the heart of the nation;
 Then why should they all
 Strive a mouse to enthrall,
 When a rat causes all their vexation.

Let 'em send for a cat,
 To destroy this old rat,
 And soon put an end to their trouble;
 For reason will tell it,
 Unless they expel it,
 That the fear of a mouse is a bubble.



SONG XVI.

An Address to the Bucks.

COME, mirth, call on music; call, music, on song;
Come, frolick, come fancy bring genius along;
Come Momus, come Comus, come Bucks, hark away,
Here's to Nimrod our founder, a brusher, hurra.
Sing Tantarara, hurra.

Heroic Semiramis, Babylon's Queen,
Great Nimrod's regalia, and records had seen;
She the Order renew'd, came herself as a guest,
And always from thence wore a Buck at her breast,
Sing Tantarara, &c.

She call'd a Divan, her spouse Ninus dethron'd;
'Cause no Buck he would be, for no monarch was own'd
'To her ladies this speech made, let Buck alone win ye
And each fool be nick-nam'd, from Ninus, a Ninny.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

'Tis by women each Buck at true honour arrives;
The first race of Bucks were made Bucks by their wives;
When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd
to roam,
Each wife a true Buck dubb'd her hero at home.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

This Order, like light, quickly spread o'er the earth;
Its harbinger friendship, and freedom went forth:
Great Nimrod appear'd, in our lodge, took his post;
Love and wit his supporters, and honour his host.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

From the Archives of Ægypt, our charter he brought,
That wealth springs from industry, to his Bucks
taught;

Instructions through life for our sake did advise,
And that golden rule form'd, to be merry and wise.
Sing, to be merry, &c.

He stamp'd the Bucks charter, he form'd the first
Grand;

Unanimity gave, as the word of command:
To each ranger, each forrester, this did premise,
Since Bucks you're become, boys, be merry and wise.
Sing, be merry, &c.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from Jove;
For he was the first like a Buck who made love:
To a bull, for the sake of Europa he turns,
And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his
horns. Sing be merry, &c.

Cadmus, Theseus, Hercules, Jason, and others,
Set sail in their Argo, like brave bucks and brothers:
The ladies of Colchis elected each stranger,
As Jason was chose by Medea her ranger.
Sing, be merry, &c.

Some say that Acteon, because he wore horns,
Must needs be a Buck, but that tale each Buck scorns;
Had he been one of us, in Diana's surprise,
He'd not stood like a fool, but — been merry
and wife.

Sing, be merry, &c.

To conclude, let us rise, Bucks, and hand in hand join,
And a Buck's unanimity shew by this sign:
We bow to our Grand, and acknowledge his sway,
And pronounce in full chorus, Nem. Con. we obey.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

S O N G

SONG XVII.

The. BISHOP of Hereford. *As sung by* ~~Wynken~~
BEARD, SHUTER, &c.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.
As it betell in merry Barnsdale,
And under the green wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.
Come kill me a ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer,
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.
We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the high-way side,
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.
Robin Hood dress'd himself in the shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also,
And when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.
O what is the matter, then said the bishop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?
We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.
You are brave fellows, said the bishop,
And the king of your doings shall know,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.
O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray;

For it becomes not your Lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.
No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.
Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
He pull'd out a bugle horn.
He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all in a row;
All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely fight to see.
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
That you blow so hastily?
O here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have.
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
And throw him into the grave.
O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.
No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And he led him to merry Barnsdale,
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
Call in a reckoning, said the bishop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high;
Lend me your purse, master, says Little John,
And I'll tell you by and by.
Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,

And

And out of the bishop's portmauteau
 He told three hundred pound.
 Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And he caused the musick to play;
 He made the bishop to dance in his boots,
 And glad he could so get away.



* S O N G XVIII.

T E M P L E G A L L A N T R Y ;

Or the Attorney's Clerk's Description of his Mistress.

THE beauties I wish to engross, Sir,
 In rhyme I will fairly transcribe;
 You'll find, when her charms I disclose, Sir,
 A judge or a baron they'd bribe.

Her skin as crown paper is white, Sir,
 And smooth as a clarify'd quill;
 To copy her charms I delight, Sir,
 And think twenty sheets I could fill.

Her waist is as streight as a ruler,
 And black as my ink is her hair;
 But, faith, if she grows any cooler,
 I shall very shortly despair.

Her eyes like my silver stand shine, Sir,
 Her lips, like the Dutch wax, are red;
 She's surely of lineage divine, Sir,
 And must be a goddess in bed.

Like a pleader she charms when she talks, Sir,
 And looks like a judge in her chair;
 As grand as a counsellor walks, Sir,
 And is worth a thousand, I swear.

Her teeth, like my Ivory knife, Sir,
 Are beautiful, glossy, and white;
 Ah! may she but once be my wife, Sir,
 I'll love her all day and all night.



* S O N G X I X .

The Rural COQUET.

A Young and beauteous shepherdess,
 Was courted by a swain,
 Whose love deserv'd a kind return,
 But met with cold disdain.
 In various forms he woo'd the fair,
 He ly'd, he sigh'd, he swore;
 Address'd her like a deity,
 Though human form she wore.
 The nymph remain'd inflexible,
 And baffled all his skill;
 His love repuls'd, he still attack'd,
 But could not gain his will.

Till by experience wiser grown,
 He plays a different part;
 Affecting mirth and gaiety,
 And well conceal'd love's smart.
 Her slighting, slighted; scorning, scorn'd;
 Disdaining, he disdain'd;
 Her pride subdu'd, and o'er her heart
 An easy conquest gain'd.
 The nymph grew kind, the swain grew kind,
 The nymph grew kinder still;
 Love forc'd her to surrender,
 The Shepherd had his will.

* S O N G

SONG XX.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd ladie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn :
He sang with so fast and enchanting a bound,
That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maia be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was in constant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That Mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sow'r.
Then singing, he wist, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



SONG XXI.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone Gardens.

YE dull thinking souls, who by troubles are prest,
That are strangers a-like both to joy and to rest,
Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way
To be ever contented, good-humour'd, and gay ;
Nor

No remedy's surer to drive away pain
Than a bumper of claret, or sparkling champaign.

Ye lovers who live by the smiles of the fair,
Whom a frown from your mistress can drive to despair,
Should the chance to be peevish, ill-natur'd and shy,
Why leave her alone and ne'er flatter nor sigh;
Despite all her art-, and forget her disdain
In a bumper of claret, or sparkling champaign.

When the husband proves jealous, or dull, or unkind,
Let his spouse give him this, and she'll speedily find
His mind 'twill enliven, his care 'twill remove,
And wake in his bosom the transports of love.
At a change so inviting what wife could refrain
From blessing the virtues of sparkling champaign?

In short, for all ills which mankind can endure,
This, this, is the surest, the pleasantest cure:
Then let us agree, since this life's but a span,
T' enjoy the dear blessing as much as we can:
For me, while I've breath, I will never refrain
From singing the virtues of sparkling champaign.
From singing the virtues, &c.



S O N G XXII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, Miss POITIER, and Mr.
BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. ARNE.*

L I V E and love, enjoy the fair;
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had its share of play;
But youth's sport begins to day.
From the fruits of sweet delight

Let

Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free. }

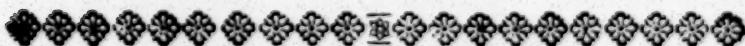


SONG XXIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Comus.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear;
 Love and harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear:
 Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning;
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting;
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear:
 Love and harmony reign here. }



SONG XXIV.

Set by Mr. HOWARD.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee:
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To

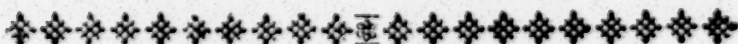
To all our haunts thou didst repair,
 By green-wood, thaw, or fountain;
 Or where the summer's day I'd share
 With you upon yon mountain:
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, my love is your's,
 My heart, which cannot wander.



SONG XXV.

On the MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide:
 The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.
 In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 Ev'n took one another, for better, for worse.
 Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
 Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all those charms;
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.



SONG XXVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHILST merit and reason gave sanction to love,
 How can ye, ye fair ones, my passion reprove?
 For none but the prude the soft passion disdains,
 And she boasts of a virtue which yet she but feigns.

Genteel

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air ;
 And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair ;
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen ;
 But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear ;
 His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear ;
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes ;
 He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd ; he's gen'rous and gay ;
 And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow away ;
 An amiable softness still dwells on his speech ;
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his heart is too honest to let him deceive :
 Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly you can ;
 For merit and fondness distinguish the man.



SONG XXVII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing a-pace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow on her face ;
 For Mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
 Than among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns ;
 And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
 At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout ;
 Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

A touch

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

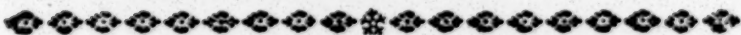
Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may;
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray;
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pante'er to much, you'll soon know for what.



SONG XXVIII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Comus.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside:
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthron'd sits the immortal fair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care:
So, from the first, did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.



SONG XXIX.

Sung in Comus.

FAME's an echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble;
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it:
Why then, why such toil and pain
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
Like her sister, Fortune, blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.

}

SONG

SONG XXX.

BACCHUS'S FEAST.

BACCHUS when merry bestriding his run,
 Proclaim'd a new neighbourly feast :
 The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,
 A jolly parochial priest ;
 He fill'd up his bowl, drank healths to the church,
 Preferring it to the king,
 Altho' he long since left both in the lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

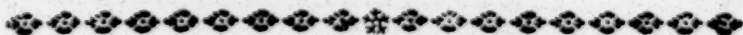
The next was a talkative blade, whom we call
 A doctor of the civil law,
 Who gusled and drank up the Devil and all,
 As fast as the drawers could draw :
 But healths to all nobles he stiffly deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill,
 Because still the faster the quality dy'd,
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next was a physician to ladies and lords,
 Who eases all sickness and pain,
 And conjures distempers away with hard words ;
 Which he knows is the head of his gain :
 He step'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brim,
 And quaffing did freely agree,
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordial to drink,
 Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice who never read law,
 With twenty informers behind,
 On free-cost he tipp'd, and still bid 'em draw,
 'Till his worship had drunk himself blind ;
 Then reeling away they all stumbled in quest
 Of drunkards and jilts of the town,
 That they might be punished to frighten the rest,
 Except they wou'd drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,
 By tally-men chiefly employ'd,
 Who lengthen'd his bill with co-hy-and maw-draw;
 And a hundred such items beside;
 The healths that he drank was to Westminster-Hall,
 And to all the grave dons of the gown,
Rependum & Petro, dorendum & Paul,
 Such *Latin* as never was known.

The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,
 With his hair doubled under his hat,
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat:
 He swore by his G—d, tho' he liv'd by his king,
 Or the help of some impudent punk,
 That he would not depart 'till he had made the butt
 And himself most confoundedly drunk. (sing,



* S O N G X X X I .

C O L D winter with an icy face,
 Thou bids us once farewell,
 And man like March to take his place,
 One month with us to dwell.
 His brother to sweet April showers,
 And ushers to sweet May,
 And in his hat he wears a leek,
 Upon Saint David's day.

Then Julius Cæsar with his force,
 Did first invade this land,
 Then Welchmen bold, with foot and horse,
 Did his proud force withstand.
 A tribute he from them did seek,
 Which they refus'd to pay,
 That makes the Welchmen wear their leeks,
 Upon Saint David's day.

Then

Then after them the Saxons came,
Whom Essex to obtain,
And with an army well prepar'd,
This kingdom for to gain.
Both towns and cities went to rack,
While Saxons bore the sway;
At length the Welshmen drove them back,
Upon Saint David's day.

And after them the Danes came in,
That proud usurping foe,
At Winchester they did begin
This land to overflow.
Till captain Lloyd, that Welchman bold,
Did see their lives decay,
And conquer'd all the Danish crew,
Upon Saint David's day.

When Crookback Richard wore the crown
As a regent of this land,
No policy could pull him down,
Nor his proud force withstand;
'Till Henry Richmond enter'd Wales,
Whom Welchmen did obey,
And conquer'd him in Bosworth field,
Upon Saint David's day.

In Jacobus let Spaniards boast,
Saint Dennis was for France,
Saint Patrick for the western coast;
Now Welchmen bold advance.
So let Saint George still wield the sword,
And David bear the sway;
Welchmen wear leeks with one accord
Upon Saint David's day.

The Welchmen, they were always true,
And with a full consent,
They gave their king and prince
Their due, and lov'd their president.

So jovial blessing be upon these lads,
 That gain the boldest sway,
 The Lord may bless their merry hearts
 That keep Saint David's day.

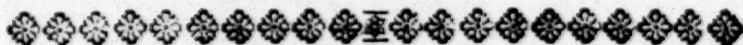


SONG XXXII.

Sung by Mr. DIEDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

AN they count me such a minny,
 So to let them rule the roast,
 I'll bett any one a guinea,
 That they've summ'd without their host.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

To be sure, the sly cajoler
 Thought his work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroler
 Was so easy to be won.
 But if I don't play them, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.



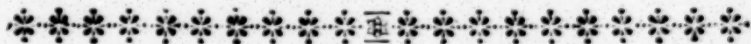
SONG XXXIII.

Sung by Mrs BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain ;
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave ;
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye
 gave.



SONG XXXIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

OH! leave me in pity; the falsehood I scorn;
 For slander, the bosom untainted defies;
 But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.

Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate!
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.



SONG XXXV.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

THE Sun, like any bridegroom gay,
 Rose to salute the spring;
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing,
 When Damon tript it o'er the plain,
 Dear Cloe's heart to win;
 But at the window rapt in vain,
 She would not let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great
 From glorious feats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd :
 Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,
 And bad his song begin ;
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden rose,
 In rural plain attire ;
 And like the genial season glows
 With thrilling, soft desire :
 But, angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd Shepherd, why this din ?
 Why wake me thus ? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he prest,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er ;
 And who, with honour in his breast,
 Could then have thought on more ?
 To church he led her, in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin ;
 And now she hails the happy time
 When first she let him in.



S O N G. XXXVI.

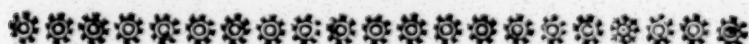
Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the West,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest ;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity :

Braid

Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping roses, dropping wine;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous head;
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.



SONG XXXVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Mill of the Mill.

ODDS my life! search England over,
An you match her in her station,
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating:
Here's the work 'twas always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
What on earth can sweeter be?
When her little eyes do twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.



SONG XXXVIII.

Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry, merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What has night to do with sleep?

Night

Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes and wakens love:
 Come, let us our rites begin.
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.



SONG XXXIX.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Yates.

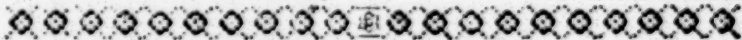
YE virgins, attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man;
 Then choose out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span;
 Then, maids, make your hay
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as soon as you can.

^ ^ ^
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trapan;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan ;
Ne'er harbour the stings
That jealousy brings ;
But be constant, and blest while you can.



SONG XL.

DUETTO. *Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety ;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul ?
No dull stinting hour we own,
Pleasure counts our time alone.



SONG XLI.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in the Maid of the Mill.

OH ! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate !
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack !

Will call him back,

No tender words his heart allure :

I could bite

My tongue thro' spite——

Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SONG

SONG XLII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

I AM young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas ! withal ;
Sure my sorrows will be endless,
In vain for help I call.
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.

May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
And never know what it is to want ;
Sweet Heaven, your worship all happiness grant.



* S O N G X L I I I .

On the Lovely Miss BROWN.

DE A R, madam, excuse
So artless a muse,
That endeavours your beauties to paint;
The fault is not mine,
For tho' your divine,
My power to praise you is faint.

If the goddess of love,
E'er slept from above,
To visit the groves upon earth ;
I think it quite plain,
You was one of her train,
Or, at least, it was there you had birth.

Let

Let those of more skill,
 Paint beauties that kill,
 And arm their bright eyes with a frown;
 But I, for my part,
 Such beauties desert,
 To sing the good-natur'd Miss Brown.



S O N G XLIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old:
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.



S O N G XLV.

YE dear pretty ladies,
 Who now in your gay days,
 So merrily take your diversion;
 Sure there is no sporting,
 Compared to courting,
 And having a little flirtation.

What tho' now you call
 An assembly or ball
 A pleasant and sweet recreation,

How

How soon would you treat it
As dull and insipid,
Had you not a little flirtation ?

In church or in street,
Or wherever you meet,
The object of your inclination,
Oh ! is it not pleasure,
Beyond any measure,
To have a dear little flirtation ?

There's you, and there's you,
And there's you, madam, too,
And there's you in your fly situation ;
Tho' you all look so shy,
Yet you cannot deny,
That you're fond of a little flirtation.



SONG XLVI.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
Can madness and reason agree ?
~~Can~~ who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee ?
Let sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste ;
Let me seize old time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last,

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being coy :
Then, ~~for~~ for what should we stay,
Till ~~our~~ best blood begins to run cold ?
Our youth we can have but to day ;
We may always find time to grow old.

SONG

* SONG XLVII.

RHODAMANTADO.

The Tune of the MARQUIS of GRANBY.

OF all the cant words the age now affords,
 Their meaning, their sound, or intention;
 When all said and done, I'll bett two to one,
 They'll never beat what I now mention.
 These please but a few of the rascally crew,
 The *Beaux monde* you'll never persuade;
 The barber, or shaver, or what else you have, Sir,
 Can please like dear *Rhodamantado*.

The swagg'ring blade, with long sword and cockade,
 Who bullies and struts like a Hector,
 You may think what you will, 'tis evident still,
 That *Rhodamantado's* his director:
 For if it should hap, that he meets a stout fop,
 Who minds not his puff and parado;
 His carriage you'll smock, he'll cry 'tis a joke,
 And only meant *Rhodamantado*.

The ladies so pretty, so charming, and witty,
 Who ogle, who trip, and coquet it;
 When you press for the bliss, cry fie, 'tis amiss,
 And vain your endeavour to get it:
 Yet this is all sham, mere baffle and flam,
 And only the tricks of their trade;
 For, if you stand stout, their virtue 'll give out,
 And prove only *Rhodamantado*.

The men of the law, who' a brief well can draw,
 And tell you the cause is quite good, Sir;
 When you put in your plea, you must tip him the fee,
 Or you'll find you have misunderstood, Sir;
 'Tis money's the sense, and the full evidence,
 And the law without this is delay'do;

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E

You

You may rave, stamp, and stare, or bully and swear,
T'will prove but mere *Rhodamantado*.

Yon prig there in black, hark ! he tips you the clack,
With scripture his sermon is cramm'd, Sir ;
Tho' his splenetic rage makes him rail at the age,
And fears you are totally d —, Sir :
Yet, 'tis only the trade of this pragmatic blade,
To himself he is not quiet so hardo,
For he'll drink, sing, and kiss, and cry what harm's in
Which proves he means *Rhodamantado*. (this

Then let each jolly soul, push round the bowl,
And give up his mind to delight, Sir ;
With hearts full of glee, let us still merry be,
And chearfully spend day and night, Sir ;
And lest now my song you begin to think long,
And cry 'tis the dullest cremadeo ;
Without much ado, I'll agree, Sirs, with you,
That my singing is *Rhodamantado*.



SONG XLVIII.

The LASS of PATIE'S MILL.

THE Lass of Patie's Mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her looks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it wou'd give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.

Thro'

Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bony she,
 The lass of Patie's mill
 Should share the same wi' me.



S O N G XLIX.

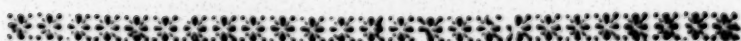
FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh, and worldly cares despise :
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief ;
 Joy from drinking will arise.
 Why should we with wrinkled care,
 Change what nature made so fair ?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire ;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 There's the sum of my desire.

What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content ;
Drink, and set your minds at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas !
With imaginations run
Like sand in the hour-glass,
Turn'd and turn'd, and still runs on.
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy every way ;
Drink and set your hearts at rest
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Let it rain, or snow, or thine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait ;
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.



S O N G L.

THE world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit,
And friendship a jewel we seldom can meet ;
How strange does it seem that in searching all found,
This source of content is so rare to be found ?
Of friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life,
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r ?
But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is, a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ;
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

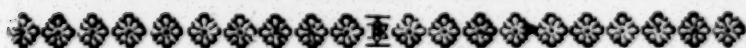
When

When Fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere?
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.



SONG LI.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant Love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring errors cease to prove,
 O! let me be deceiv'd.
 Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did first create;
 What was my pride is now my shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate:
 Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
 The weakness of my heart;
 Which, ah! I feel, too much inclin'd
 To take the traitor's part.



SONG LII.

TWAS underneath a may-blown bush,
 Where Violets bloom and sweet primroses
 With voice melodious as a thrush,
 Young Johnny sung, collecting posies:
 Those to the breast must be convey'd,
 Of her that sways my warmest fancy;
 The tender, blushing, blooming maid,
 My smiling, mild, good-natur'd Nancy..

I know that some her youth will jeer
 And call me witless Oaff and Zani;

But I, from constant heart, declare,
 I ne'er will wed, except my Nanny :
 I envy them nor pomp, or drest,
 Nor conquest gain'd o'er hearts of many ;
 The study of my life's to bless,
 And please my dear, my grateful Nanny.

How much unlike my fair to those,
 Whose wanton charms are free to any ;
 I'd give the world could I disclose,
 A fiftieth part the worth of Nanny.
 Let bucks and bloods in burat champaign,
 Toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll, and Fanny ;
 At notions so absurd and vain,
 I smile, and clasp my blameless Nanny.



S O N G LIII.

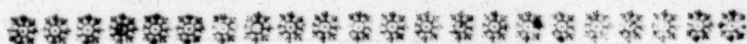
CAN the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamp transmits the sun's bright blaze ?
 O no ! then say how shall I,
 In words, be able to express,
 My love it burns to such excess,
 I almost die for Sally.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home ;
 And, strange, no longer seek to roam,
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy ;
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come

Come then, O come, thou sweeter fair,
 Than jessamines and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley ;
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest'd in Sally.



S O N G L I V .

The P I L G R I M .

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blythe and jolly,
 A fool to melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see ;
 With cockle shells on hat-brim,
 With staff, scrip, beads, and that trim,
 As might become a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With feet unshod he traces,
 O'er hills, o'er wilds and chaces,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see :
 But when he look'd and saw no
 Kind of hut, or house to go too,
 Was e'er poor pilgrim plagu'd so,
 Begging for charity.

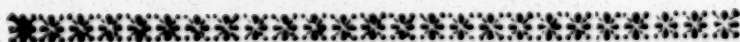
At length, almost dejected,
 Kind heav'n when least expected,
 A damsel's steps directed,
 Whence come you, Sir, says she :
 On many weary steps sweet
 All on these poor bare feet,
 Oh could I be your help-mate,
 Lodging for charity.

With

With chearful voice, and accent,
 Says she I fear your halt-spent,
 But what I say is well meant,
 Come lodge this night with me:
 That favour ma'am's excessive,
 Don't speak on't, Sir, whilst you live,
 If ought I have or can give,
 I give it for charity.

My tenement is brittle,
 My room I fear too little,
 It suits me to a tittle,
 And in at once went he:
 Through many a town and city,
 I have been to beg for pity,
 But ne'er found room so pretty,
 Or so much charity.

Nine days he liv'd in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover,
 She thought the time soon over,
 And are you going says she:
 But, gentle pilgrim, should you
 Return this way, I would do,
 As much as woman could do,
 And all for charity.



SONG LV.

WEDLOCK.

OF all the various states of life,
 Sure wedlock is the best,
 For in a faithful loving wife,
 A man is surely blest.

Of all the joys this world can give,
 All kinds of earthly bliss,

There's

*Of all the various states of life
 Sure wedlock is the best
 For in a wife that loves
 A man is surely blest*

There's none can equal, as I live,
The matrimonial kiss.

How sweetly glides the time away,
When sitting by his wife,
The happy spouse with joy can say,
Come kiss me, my dear life.

When worldly cares perplex and gall,
And threaten rude alarms,
The married man forgets them all,
When in his wife's dear arms.

Not Hybla's fam'd poetic grove,
With all it's fabled sweets,
Can equal those of wedded love,
Betwixt the lawful sheets.

How joyous is the happy dad,
How swells his heart with glee,
When little Poll, or Sall, or Ned,
He dandles on his knee.

And now, to pay me for my song,
Pray all your wishes join,
That e'er the time be very long,
Some sweet girl may be mine.

Sing the last verse twice over.



SONG LVI.

Set by Mr. DUNCOMB.

WHAT tho' the sun withdraws his ray,
And clouds be-dark the sky;
Yet soon shall winter pass away,
And spring salute the eye.

The

The clouds dissolv'd, by chearful sun,
Soft pleasures will encroach,
That sun obscur'd, the clouds return,
As winter does approach.

But ah! when wint'ry age draws on,
A dreary scene's in store,
Life's sun, that warm'd the heart is gone,
And spring returns no more.



SONG LVII.

PHILLIS

Sung by Miss DAVIES at Vaux-hall.

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying would go
When saunt'ring among the sweet mead to and fro
In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,
Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight;
Her heart with the throbbings of passion did move,
Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas love.

At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,
Where Strephon the shepherd was baiting his hook,
Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain,
His heart was inflam'd, to allay her soft pain:
The swain had led many a lass to the grove,
And he, wicked rogue, thought that Phillis would
love.

Howe'er as her mind was by innocence dress'd,
Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her breast:
Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
Which Strephon perceived, and began to adore:
He knelt at her feet with a Garland he wove,
And Phillis consented to make him her love.

SONG

SONG LVIII.

Sung by Miss THOMAS at Finche's Grotto Gardens.

O LEAD me to some safe retreat,
Which noise nor tumult knows;
Give me a soft a mossy seat,
Near some sweet rill that flows.

Whose purling streams salute the ear,
Whose cooling shades invite;
Whose meads their gayest liveries wear,
And warbling birds delight.

Where various flowers display their leaves,
And breath the spicy gale;
Whose friendly aid new vigour gives,
When scorching heats assail.

Where Philomela thro' the grove,
Thrills her surpassing lovely strain
Oh how I wish that scene of love,
To hear her, hear her, notes again



SONG LIX.

A HUNTING SONG,

Sung by Mr. ANDREWS at Sadlers-wells.

RECITATIVE.

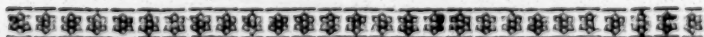
THE whistling plowman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

Away,

Away, to the copse, to the copse lead the away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play,
 See, yonder he skulks through the grounds.
 Then spur your brisk courfers, smoke 'em, my bloods,
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;
 What concert is equal to those of the woods
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn.

Each earth sees he, tries at in vain,
 The cover no safer can find ;
 So he breaks it and scowers amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow untill that he die,
 Cheer up, the good dogs, with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale,
 All parch'd, from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer prevail,
 Nor his life, can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.



S O N G L X.

A D V I C E to the L A D I E S.

Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds, that join in the
 throng,
 Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song ;
 'The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
 I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went

M A G A Z I N E.

35

I went t' other day to a wake on the green,
And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen,
I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel said no,
And struggled and frown'd, and cry'd, pray let me go.

I tenderly cry'd Phillis don't be a prude,
But still she return'd I'll cry out if you're rude;
The more that I press'd her the more she cry'd no,
And struggl'd and frown'd and said pray let me go.

I found no entreaties wou'd make her comply,
When ever I touch'd her 'twas fye Colin tye;
So I sent for a parson and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of a man.



S O N G LXII.

Down the Burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her Eye,
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, Love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside,

And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her Een were bonny blue ,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said ;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd,
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet ;
 And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic Pleasure to renew.
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.



S O N G LXIII.

The Bugh aboon Traquair.

H E A R me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;

At the bony bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder,
I thought myself the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender,
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now the scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bony bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades, as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender ;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.



SONG. LXIV.

The QUESTION.

Sung by Miss Miles, at Marybone.

NAY jeer, ye not sisters, by love unbetray'd
But pity a fond, yet an innocent maid,

I stray'd, but with Johnny to yonder hedge-row,
And which of you all,—And which of you all pray,
wou'd not have done so.

If with him, he said, to the coppice I'd stray,
He'd gather me violets, and bloom of the may ;
Then kiss'd me so sweetly, I cou'd not but go,
And which of you all, pray, had answer'd him no.

At the foot of a wide swelling oak we reclin'd,
I lean'd on his breast while he whisper'd his mind,
His offer was marriage, I cou'd n't say, no,
Pray which of ye all is't that wou'd have done so.

As the Ivy around this stout oak doth entwine,
So sweeting, said he, thou must do when thou art
mine,
Then clasp'd me close to him I begg'd I might go,
But he press'd me still closer and cry'd my dear no.

Alas gentle Johnny, sweet Johnny I said,
Remember your promise nor hurt a poor maid,
Consider my viriue and pray let me go,
But he kiss'd me still warmer and cry'd my dear no.

I ever thought him as mild as the dove,
How weak is the heart that gives sanction to love,
Yet he swears that to-morrow to church he will go,
He shall ne'er get me out again till he does so.



SONG LXV.

COLIN and PHILLIS, *a Pastoral Dialogue.*

*Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Hallam, on the Marriage
of the Prince and Princess of BRUNSWICK.*

Colin.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad ru-
mults we hear!
How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear!
With

With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
 And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.
 I can't, for my life, what it means understand ;
 There's some rural festival surely at hand ;
 Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place ;
 But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

Phillis.

The truth, honest lad ?—why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
 Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord ;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er ;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

Colin.

Young Thyris too claims all that honour can lend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend.
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speaks his deserts ;
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

Phillis.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng !
 Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along :
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affections and cheerful desires.

Duetto.

Ye pow'rs. that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and bride !
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

E 3

SONG

SONG LXVI.

The BANQUET, *A Drinking Song.*

COME hither, ye jolly, and jocund, and gay,
 To Bacchu's Banquet repair;
 Leave all party-ealors and toasts of the day,
 A'ld strans and dupes to the fair.

To nobler enjoyments I hither invite,
 All such's to pleasure incline,
 Here's Bacchus the god of all social delight,
 Hold's forth in a bumper of wine.

A banquet o'erflowing with freedom and mirth,
 Abounding with friendship and love;
 A banquet that gives ev'ry pleasure a birth,
 And make us divine as great Jove.



SONG LXVII.

The GIRL'S RESOLUTION.

Sung by Miss BROWN, at SADLER'S-WELLS,

WHEN thirstily, 'tis hard to be hinder'd from
 drink,
 I'm old enough sure for a husband I think;
 But some can have pleasure whilst others have none,
 My mother had two, and must not have one.

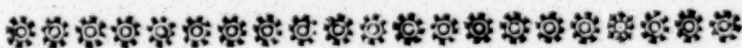
To have my own way is the beauty of life,
 Which never can be until once I'm a wife,
 For now I am scolded, check'd, rated and school'd,
 A girl if she will, may for ever be fool'd.

What sort of a man shall I fix on for life,
 An old and a rich one best suits a young wife;

For

For though at some seasons his humours may tease,
His sinners will purchase whatever I please.

Drums, visits, assemblies, gay parties and routs,
My time shall employ in defence and flouts;
Since life's a mere bubble, a vapour, a span,
I'll spend it as merry, as gay as I can.



SONG LXVIII.

The GOBLET of WINE.

MY Temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
twine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

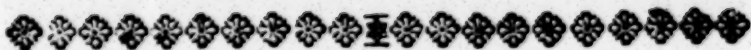
Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
And what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass?

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself, so supreme is his sway,
Grows convert to love, and resign her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd, from her shed;
While age in an extacy hobb'ling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirt of a lover—and pledge me who dare.

SONG



SONG LXIX.

THROW the WOODLADDIE.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When throw the wood Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sawny, nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

SONG



SONG LXX.

THROW the WOOD LASSIE,
Or SAWNY'S RETURN.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O'H! Nelly, na longer thy sawny now mourn,
Let music and pleasure abound without
measure,

On hillocks and mountains, or low in the burn,
Or throw the wood, Lassie, sing Sawny's return.

Since I have been absent from thee my dear Nell,
No content, no delight, have I known day or night,
The murmuring streams and the hills echo tell,
How throw the wood, Lassie, I breath'd my sad
knell.

But now to all sorrow I bid a full dieu,
And with joy, like the dove, I'm return'd to my
love,

The maxim of loving in truth let's pursue,
Then throw the wood, Lassie, we'll bonily go.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blythsome and gay,
Let your hearts merry be, and your pipes full of
glee,

The Highlands shall ring with the joys of the day,
While throw the wood, happy, we dance, sing,
and play.

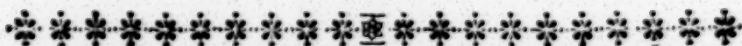
SONG

SONG LXXI.

*By my S I G H S.**Sung by Mr. WEICHSEL, at Vauxhall.*

BY my sighs you may discover,
 What soft withes touch my heart ;
 Eyes can speak and tell the lover,
 What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing,
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
 But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love.



SONG LXXII.

H O B B I N O L.

Sung by Mr. KEEN, at SADDLER'S WEILS.

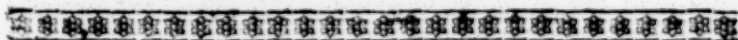
WHEN Hobbinolintreated Doll,
 Within the grove to enter ;
 She hung her head, and blushing said,
 She was afraid to venture :
 For there poor Fan, put faith in man,
 And sorely does repent her ;
 Which makes her fear, no good is near,
 And therefore will not venture.

His fond request, he eager prest,
 And swore no harm he meant her,
 By honour sway'd, be not afraid,
 But kindly with me venture ;

On

On wedlock bent, was all he meant,
 Would that he said content her,
 To prove me true, yon steeple view,
 Say, will my Dolly venture.

Doubts still possess, the damsel's breast,
 Still virtue, council lent her,
 Haste, haste he cry'd, be made a bride,
 And after you may venture ;
 Doll gave consent, to church they went,
 A wife back hymen sent her,
 No more a maid, she's not afraid,
 With him along to venture.



S O N G LXXIII.

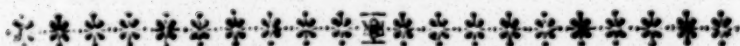
Where shall CELIA fly for Shelter.

Sung by Miss DAVIES at Vauxhall.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
 In what grove or cave ;
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her
 From the young, the gay, the brave :
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns ;
 Cupid shoots that hymen's archer,
 Where so'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, Youth, good sense a beauty,
 If discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the ruffians booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot,
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now command by the Peer,
 Now some subtle mean invader,
 Wins the Heart or gains the ear.

O discretion, thou'rt a Jewel,
 Or our grand Mamma's mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake ;
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence weigh the banns,
 Mark my song upon your samplers ;
 Wear it on your knots and fans.



SONG LXXIV.

AT length, ye gods, you bring relief,
 At length each care remove ;
 At once you dissipate my grief,
 By sending her I love.

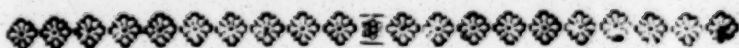
My soul shall now contented rest,
 No fears my peace destroy ;
 Belinda comes, to cheer my breast,
 To give me every joy.

Tho' absent many a tedious hour,
 Excluded from my view ;
 Absence diminish'd not her power,
 Her merit fix'd me true.

O grant, ye gods, my ardent prayer,
 Nor let me crave in vain,
 Be my Belinda all thy care,
 May she each wish obtain.

Continual joys around her wait,
 Be virtue still her guard ;
 When call'd from earth, by time and fate,
 Be heav'n her last reward.

SONG



* SONG LXXV.

A SONG *upon* SONGS.

C O M E every brisk soul
 Who delights in a bowl,
 In mirth, or what to it belongs;
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

But first, I declare,
 To him who to hear
 This little original longs;
 Let him think what he will,
 Nought offensive or ill
 Is contain'd in this song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal
 Their schemes wheel in wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs;
 I no-body hurt,
 But contribute to mirth,
 By writing a song upon songs.

The boisterous knave
 Who pretends to be brave,
 And boasts of his fights and ding dong;
 When put to the test,
 How fallen his crest,
 And his courage—a song upon songs.

The clergy resort
 To superiors at court,
 And crave for fat livings in throngs;
 While I, with low aim,
 Aspire to fame,
 In scribbling a song upon songs.

Taste differs in all,
 In great and in small,
 A hobby horse to all belongs ;
 A girl, ball, or play,
 A review, or birth day,
 Or even a song upon songs.

Guitars with some fuit,
 Some a fiddle, or flute,
 And some love a poker and tongs ;
 Some admire duetto's
 And others cantato's,
 And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen
 Bay this magazine,
 Such properties to it belongs ;
 It will give them a cure
 As certain and sure,
 As this is a song upon songs.

But if you proceed,
 And continue to read,
 Each song which to this book belongs ;
 You'll own, I believe,
 Many pleasure can give,
 Besides this our song upon songs.



* SONG LXXVI.

The RECIPE. By JOHN OAKMAN.

Tune something new, as sung at Marybone Gardens.

EAch soft tender youth, who in soft tender lays,
 In the service of beauty would venture for
 praise ;
 That fly to the meadows, the fields, and the groves,
 And solicit the aid of the graces and loves ;
Then

Then talk of her eyes, her lips, bosom, arms,
And the red-fisted lass is a Venus in charms.

Plain Susan, and Dolly, no longer must down,
Nor Roger, or Dick, for each rustical clown,
The Muses must christen them over again,
Plump Doll is a nymph, and stout Roger a swain.
Then Damon, and Chloe, to prattle of love,
Must wander a while in the eglantine grove.

Then the sky lark, the wood lark, the linnet, and
thrush,
In concert must join on each shrub, tree, or bush.
Tho' charming the prospect, and tuneful their song,
Yet mind to say this as she passes along.
That her voice, tho' alas! like a peacock she squall,
Is softer, and stronger, and sweeter than ail.

Example next teaches the garden to seek,
And the rose, and the lily unite on her cheek:
Each flower that 's valued for odour or hue,
At her presence must strait-way spring up to the view;
Yet blooming and gay, as the nymph passes by,
They for envy must instantly wither and die.

When she walks, oh! ye gods, how majestic her air,
Not Jove's haughty queen can with Chloe compare;
The test of perfection her person must be,
Tho' majestic, yet modest; tho' modest, yet free.
When she deigns to come forth to rejoice the glad
plain,

The graces, attendant,——must hold up the train.

Thus externally drest away to her mind,
Her sense is a wonder, so great! so refin'd!
Tho' perceiving her wit, and her judgment, tho' just:
'Tis with candour and diffidence always express't:
Thus proceed, my young bard, and I warrant ere long,
You produce that strange medley yclept, a love song.

* SONG LXXVII.

The MAGISTRATES.

In two CANTATAS.

- I. } The { MAGISTRATE of the Night.
 II. } { MAGISTRATE of the Day.

The MAGISTRATE of the Night.

CANTATA I.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the dreary hour when sprites abound,
 And nimble fairies trip enchanted ground;
 When none but rogues and vagrants walks the streets,
 And watchmen snore, regardless of their beats,
 When weary'd hackney horses slowly move,
 And on their boxes coachmen sleep above:
 In elbow chair, and awful state compos'd,
 The midnight Magistrate his will disclos'd;
 The hobbling, drowsy walking-dials heard
 His words with wonder, and his anger fear'd;
 In admiration of his wisdom stood;
 Then cry'd his honour was as wise as good;
 Well pleas'd he nods, and hums his joy to show,
 Then thus his own importance lets them know.

AIR.

Attend, my friends, while I display,
 And make you understand,
 The reason why you must obey,
 And why I will command.

Know then, I represent the king,
 Tho' you may think it odd;
 And I can affidavits bring,
 That kings descend from God.

RECITA.

RECITATIVE.

This having spoke with countenance quite big,
 He blow'd his nose, took snuff, and plac'd his wig;
 Then sunk supinely in the elbow chair,
 To snore away the tedious hours, and care;
 But envious of his ease, and drowsy joys,
 Two buckish sparks molested him with noise;
 The rattlesturn—whores scream—and oaths resound,
 And lamps demolish'd jingle on the ground;
 The veteran's sally out, and leave their beer,
 And to the assistance of their brothers steer;
 O'er power'd by numbers, tho' they bravely fought,
 The bucks were to the round-house safely brought:
 Th' awaken'd chief, with anger in his face,
 Thus with the sparks expostulates the case.

AIR.

Disturbers of the public peace,
 And of the peace of me;
 Shall such disorders never cease,
 And I in office be.

Can't you go quiet to your beds,
 As other people do?
 No—you must break my watchmen's heads,
 And beat them black and blue.

Hand-cuff, and put them in the hole,
 Unless they'll tip some chink;
 Which if they do, upon my soul,
 I think we'll have some drink.

RECITATIVE.

The cash produced, they are allow'd to stay,
 And drink, and sing until returning day.

The MAGISTRATE of the Day.

CANTATA II.

RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when busy faces meet,
 And carts and coaches rumble in each street ;
 When madam rises, and the tea things rattle,
 And all the sex prepare for general rattle ;
 'The maudlin libertines are let to know,
 They must attended to the justice go :
 A coach is call'd——they to his worship steer.
 To be or sent to Bridewell, or set clear.
 His worship o'er his chocolate attends,
 To punish foes, and to oblige his friends ;
 With air important, then demands the cause,
 Why they are brought, and for what breach of Laws.
 In sober sadness, the grave chief explains,
 'The bucks transgression, and his—want of brains.

AIR.

Your worship must know,
 Ten hours ago,
 Which was in the dead of the night ;
 These sparks ; lay'd the devil,
 In manner uncivil,
 And throw'd us all into a fright.

My mens heads they broke,
 And call'd it a joke,
 And made twenty lamps for to rattle ;
 But being surrounded,
 They soon were confounded,
 And vanquish'd, and taken in battle.

RECITATIVE.

His worship heard and strok'd his under jaw,
 Then look'd authority, and gaye an haw ; Turn'd

Turn'd o'er the statutes, and the riot act,
 And talk'd of quint, and quart, and doubt, and fact :
 But the young blades, to mollify the cause,
 And smoothe the aspect of hard-featur'd laws ;
 Begg'd that they might a private word express,
 Which was acceded to with readiness ;
 Then, humbly pray'd, they're rashness he'd forget,
 And they'd remain for ever in his debt ;
 And with respect, and great submission shown,
 They hop'd he'd make a trifling gift his own :
 This generous spirit in each culprit spark,
 Produc'd these orders to his worship's clerk.

A I R.

Clerk, write a discharge,
 And set these at large ;
 For, faith they are men of condition :
 'Tis true, they transgress'd,
 But now they've express'd
 For their folly, much grief and contrition.
 For justice, sometimes,
 Should wink at small crimes.
 Of rigour relax, and be kind ;
 The poor I commit,
 But pay and submit,
 You'll find me, as painted, quite blind.



* S O N G LXXVIII.

A SAILOR'S Song.

To the Tune of Let us prepare.

ON old England's blest shore
 We are landed once more,
 Secure from the storms of the main ;
 For

For great George, and his cause,
 For our country, and laws,
 We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray,
 First opens the day,
 On Indies extended domain;
 The swarthy-fac'd foes
 Who dar'd to oppose,
 We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
 Let us drink, sing, and joke,
 While here on the shore we remain;
 When our country demands,
 With hearts, and with hands,
 We are ready—to conquer again.



* S O N G LXXIX.

To the Tune of Stick a Pin there.

WHEN first simple Strephon perceiv'd that his
 heart,
 Was touch'd with Cupid's invincible dart;
 Tho' urg'd by his passion, the nymph to pursue,
 His courage could only say, how d'ye do?

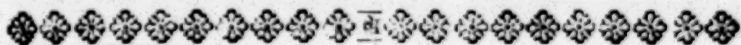
But finding love's fire to burn very strong,
 And found that her heart would be touch'd ere 'twas
 long;

On a different plan he began strait to woo,
 And seizing her hand, cry'd my dear, how d'ye do?

Observing this freedom not taken amiss,
 He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss;
 Then vow'd that such pleasure before never knew,
 So kiss'd her again with a—how d'ye do?

In

In a very short time he next begg'd of the fair,
 She'd take a walk with him, it matters not where ;
 Where, some how or other, 'tis certainly true,
 He won the nymph's heart with his—how d'ye do ?



* S O N G LXXX.

YOUNG Damon, and Chloe were mutually fond,
 They kits'd and they toy'd all the day ;
 Kind Hymen consented to finish the rest,
 And join them for ever and aye.
 Some fiend interfer'd, and the rites were delay'd,
 By a circumstance few would suppose ;
 For thoughtless young Damon one day as he play'd,
 Presented to Kitty—a rose.

Alarm'd at the gift, Chloe rated the youth,
 Fill'd with jealousy, rage, and disdain ;
 She call'd him false hearted, perfidious, and base,
 And instantly quitted the plain.
 He endeavour'd his innocence vainly to prove,
 No words could her passion compose ;
 Such presents she said, were fire emblems of love,
 And Kitty accepted—the rose.

To the church, or the wake, or wherever she went,
 He follow'd in hopes of relief ;
 Obdurate the fair, and regardless beheld
 The type of his penitence—grief.
 Tho' seldom, if ever, she deign'd a reply,
 'Twas only to add to his woes !
 " No art shall e'er win me again to comply,
 " Remember young Damon, the—rose."

For ever refus'd, when he knew that his heart
 To Chloe was virtuous and true,
 He thought 't was too much :—So neglected the fair,
 Another more kind to pursue.

This

This treatment at length so afflicted the maid,
She sought him her mind to compose,
He gladly consented, and soon they were wed,
And Chloe ne'er thinks of—the rose.



• S O N G LXXXI.

The FRIAR *and* NUN.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

IN Paris city they report for truth,
There dwelt an active priest, in prime of youth.
And in the convent, as some others say,
There liv'd a nun as blooming as the May.
The rev'rend father sigh'd for her in vain,
But dar'd not openly his love explain :
Her beauty fann'd the embers of desire,
But looks austere, quite damp'd the rising fire.
At length kind Fortune did his wishes bless,
For the fair nun came to him to confess :
With great devotion she her forehead sign'd,
And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind.

A I R.

Holy father believe,
For my errors I grieve,
And sincerely repent each transgression ;
One fault above all
My mind does enthral,
And torments me surpassing expression.

Tho' to God I am bound,
Yet Cupid has found
The method to lead me astray ;
Alas ! I am frail,
For love would prevail,
Tho' conscience cry'd sternly stay, stay.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

The jolly priest, as near the fair he stood,
 Feels genial warmth stir up his youthful blood;
 Then smiling on the lovely suppliant fair,
 He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not despair:
 I know no harm there is in love, he said,
 Each sex, my dear, was for the other made;
 The church ordains it, and you do no fault,
 If to the church you yield up what you ought:
 But 'tis a sin, if any one should feast
 Upon those charms, unless he is a priest.

AIR.

Consider how happy will be your condition,
 If once you will form resolution
 To bed with a prelate—you need no contrition,
 For prelates can give absolution:
 Then yield to my arms,
 Thy ravishing charms,
 Permit me thy beauties to rifle,
 You know I can bless ye,
 As well as confess ye,
 Besides it is only a trifle.



* SONG LXXXII.

Tune, How sweet are the Banks upon Tweed.

WHAT is beauty when virtue's away?
 A short blooming flower of youth!
 A flower that blooms to decay,
 E'en when it is supported by truth!

But virtue, when beauty is gone,
 Shines lovely for ever confess,
 Gives majesty grace on a throne,
 And banishes care from the breast.

Ye

Ye nymphs then regard the fond muse,
 Tho' now you are blooming and gay,
 Be your mind your chief care to pursue,
 For beauty can last but a day.



* S O N G LXXXIII.

Tune, Derry down.

A Doating old miser, of sixty or more,
 Whose wealth was acquir'd by cheating the
 poor,
 A blooming young damsel, of virtue and carriage,
 Had begg'd of her father, to give him in marriage.

Her father agreed, and no time was delay'd,
 When the lady was spoken to thus by the maid:
 Than have this old fumbler I rather would die;
 Be quiet she cry'd, and attend my reply.

Let the silly old dotard to marriage proceed,
 There are horns for his head, I am certain, decreed;
 So I'll pluck up my courage as well as I can,
 And make him a cuckold, I warrant—poor man.

My youth, and my beauty, my wit, and my charms,
 Were never intended, for his feeble arms;
 He may fondle and teaze me, and do all he can,
 Yet I'll make him a cuckold, I warrant—poor man.

Tho' he dress me as fine as the wife of a lord,
 And in fine coaches, tho' he take me abroad,
 It will signify nothing,—I'll wager a can;
 For I'll make him a cuckold, a cuckold—poor man.

Ye dotards take warning by this dotard's fate,
 Nor think of a blooming young girl for a mate;
 Should they smile and approve, 'tis your purie to
 tripan;

Then send you to heaven as fast as they can.

S O N G

* S O N G LXXXIV.

The B R I T I S H H E R O ;*Or, the Death of General WOLFE.*

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Quebec's plain were Gallia's forces spread,
 To many warlike chiefs the destin'd bed ;
 When Wolfe appear'd all glorious to behold,
 His bands connect'd, resolute, and bold ;
 The clanging instruments awake the woods,
 And sounds responsive tremulate the floods ;
 The burnish'd arms attract the solar rays,
 And glitt'ring terror o'er the field displays ;
 When thus brave Wolfe address'd his warlike train,
 While on the Gallic bands he look'd disdain.

A I R.

Think, think, my brave friends,
 On your valour depends,
 Your country's glory and good ;
 No mean thoughts of gain
 In your breast entertain,
 Be lucrative motives withstood.

Let honour inspire,
 For honour give fire,
 For honour high brandish the blade ;
 Be virtue your cause,
 And honour your laws,
 Your toils will by heav'n be repaid.

RECITATIVE.

Now Carnage led by Horror shews her face,
 And unrelenting Death encreas'd his pace ;

Drums, Trumpets, Cannons in confusion roar,
 Expiring cries affright the hostile shore;
 But in the field, alas! as in the state,
 The greatest merit meets the hardest fate,
 Wolfe falls—Britannia's Genius gives a Groan,
 And Fame immortal seal'd him for her own:
 Streaming in blood he rolls his livid eyes,
 And hearing shouts, has England lost, he cries?
 Oh no! I view the victors colours fly,
 My country conquers, and in peace I die.
 Yet, ere his soul its destin'd journey sped,
 He sigh'd, and thus to his attendants said.

A I R.

Farewel, my Friends; Britannia, now adieu,
 I dye contented, since I bleed for you;
 Victory now his wings expands,
 To smoothe the trackless way,
 And Peace immortal opes its hands,
 To lead me up to day:
 My country serv'd, I ask no greater fame
 Than is contained in a Briton's name.



S O N G. LXXXV.

AS yet a youth, and unbetray'd,
 I fought the rural throng:
 The purling stream, the cooling shade,
 Inspir'd my artless song.
 How happy then each moment past,
 No envy, passion, strife,
 Till folly's cloud my mind o'ercaft,
 And whisper'd thus—see life!

Adieu the grove! adieu the the plain!
 Adieu the purling stream!
 No more your charms can entertain,
 No more must be my theme:

The

The town a diff'rent scene will prove,
Where pleasure's always rife;
Where bucks and bloods, and wine and love,
Fill up the span of life.

Hark! Comus calls to midnight joys,
Where Circe fills her cup;
This thought alone each mind employs,
Kill time, and keep it up.

For this the cit his counter quits,
And lonesome leaves his wife,
With fots and noisy wou'd-be wits,
For what?—for—seeing life.

Yet, ah! how vain this strange desire!
How vague the joys they share!
The bowl enfeebles Nature's fire,
And Folly brings forth care.
A thousand ills attendant wait,
The pistol, sword, or knife,
And all the hours of future fate
Are kill'd by seeing life.

Adieu the town! such joys I leave
To spendthrifts, knaves, and cheats;
For decent mirth can ne'er deceive,
And prudence has more sweets.
The grove, the shade, I'll seek again,
And chuse an artless wife,
Content to grace my cot shall deign:
Adieu to seeing life.



* S O N G LXXXVI.

Tune, With Women and Wine, &c.

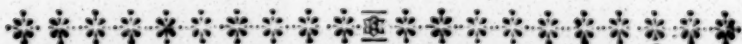
COME Comus, come Bacchus, come Venus,
all join,
While I sing the praise of mirth, beauty, and wine,
H 2 As

As high as the subject inspire the lays,
And my sonnets for ever shall flow to your praise.

Mirth banishes strife, and gives joy to the heart,
Makes dullness seem gay, and bids sorrow depart;
The miser, the lover, its virtues declare,
For it opens the purse, and it softens the fair.

When beauty approaches all charming to sight,
Each breast feels the impulse, and springs with delight;
Love greater than all, can all passions controul,
With tenderness softens and tempers the soul.

But oh! when the bottle does both these attend,
'Tis mirth's best companion and beauty's gay friend;
Then grant me this blessing, ye powers divine,
Crown my life here below, with mirth, beauty,
and wine.



S O N G LXXXVII.

The MORNING. A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
The lark his warbling matin sings;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
Fresher than the roses bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:

As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
So I, like him abandon'd and forlorn,
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to blow, the waving wood to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love :
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
Nor flow'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.



* S O N G LXXXVIII.

A WELCH SONG.

Tune, Stand around, my brave boys.

COT splutter o' nails,
Hur was come from North Wales,
To try her good fortune in London ;
But oh ! hur poor heart,
Hur fears for hur part,
Alas ! hur for ever is undone.

For as hur was coing,
Whith Shenkin and Owen,
To pray to goot Tavit hur faint, Sir ;
A young tamsel hur met,
Put hur all in a sweat,
Goot lack hur was ready to faint, Sir.

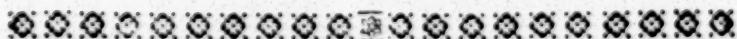
So pright was hur eyes,
As the stars in the skies,
Hur lips were like rupies so find, Sir ;

Hur cheeks were o'er spread
With a sweet white and red,
She look't like an angel divine, Sir.

When she spoke, how her voice
Made her posome rejoice !
So charming and prafe were her words, Sir ;
The wood lark or thrush,
That sing on a push,
No accents so sweet can afford, Sir.

Since that luckless hour,
So great is love's power,
Hur croans and says nothing but high day!
But hur passion, hur fear,
Hur can never declare,
For the last was as grand as a lady.

Ye true lovers all,
When you hear of hur fall,
O'er hur crave shed a tear out of pity ;
For so earnest hur craves,
Hur shall tie hur pelieves,
And so there's an end to hur titty.



SONG LXXXIX.

KITTY; or, The FEMALE PHAETON.

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung at Vauxhall.

The Words by Mr. Prior.

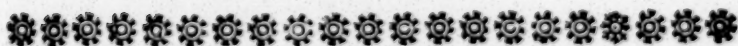
FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd ;
Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,

And

And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she berter, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear, mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.



* S O N G X C .

B R I T A N N I A .

A C A N T A T A .

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Discord ceas'd, and bloody broils no
 more
 In war destructive shook his happy shore ;

When

When Carnage ceas'd, and Death refus'd to stain
 With British blood the dreadful martial plain :
 Britannia rose, and with a graceful smile,
 In gentle accents, thus address'd her isle,

A I R.

Ye Britons, what nation but England can sing,
 In freedom we rise every day ;
 In freedom we sleep, and are blest with a king,
 'Tis a pleasure in all to obey :
 Then, my children, encrease
 The sweet blessings of peace,
 Let trumpets in melody join ;
 While truth shall proclaim
 George's virtues and fame,
 Which on record for ever will shine.

RECITATIVE.

The sound seraphic reach'd the royal ear,
 And gazing crowds the heavenly accents hear ;
 Reviving joy returns in ev'ry breast,
 War disappear'd, and Peace the kingdom blest ;
 The happy isle no greater blessing seeks——
 The monarch rises, and thus nobly speaks.

A I R.

Britannia, be assur'd, I pride to see
 Myself the monarch of a people free ;
 Happy to govern o'er this blissful isle,
 Where blessings on my subjects ever smile ;
 As long as I the royal scepter bear,
 My country's good shall be my greatest care ;
 May peace continue, nor my people know
 The casual griefs which from Bellona flow,
 Firm to Britannia's cause my arms shall sleep
 As long as England's foes their treaties keep ;
 But if my lion is induc'd to roar,
 Destruction hovers round the Gallic shore.

S O N G

SONG XCI.

The SPAN.

Sung by Mr. DEARLE, at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

The Words by Mr. OAKMAN. Set by Mr. BRIDE.

THE philosophers, moralists, poets, and those
Who have left their opinions in verse and in prose,
Fine lessons have taught, though not all understood,
Yet entirely meant, I dare say, for our good ;
The chiefest of which we may readily scan,
That our time here below is no more than a span.

The assertion is just, if with reason we view,
Mortality constantly shews us 'tis true ;
Then to fill up this trifle of being below,
Is a doctrine I think which we all ought to know ;
For a moment attend to my song, if you can,
And I'll teach the best method to fill up the span.

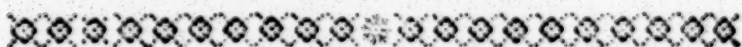
Leave the parson to preach, and the pedant to prate,
The poet to scribble, the statesman to state,
The bully to bluster, the valiant to fight,
The lawyer to wrangle of wrong and of right ;
Their business is not in the course of my plan,
With matter more pleasing I'll fill up the span.

Mirth, beauty, and wine, shall prepare ye a feast ;
And smiling good humour bid welcome each guest,
'Tis a banquet suits only the jovial and gay,
Let the grave, the morose, and the dull keep away ;
Insipid by nature, they'll like not the plan,
So just as they chuse, let them fill up their span,

To a couch deck'd for pleasure let beauty be led,
With roses and lilies all careless o'erspread,
Let the soft-breathing flute to her murmurings join,
When love melts on her bosom in raptures divine ;
That

That this is true pleasure, deny it who can,
And this is the method to fill up the span.

Let good humour, as president, sit in the chair,
And ruddy fac'd Bacchus with Comus appear;
Let the full flowing goblet go cheerfully round,
And the heart-lifting song to the heavens resound;
Let all in full chorus approve of the plan,
And own this the method to fill up the span.



* S O N G X C I I .

The BACCHANALIAN.

A C A N T A T A .

RECITATIVE.

AS in a tavern toping Lewis drank
The sparkling juice in company with Frank;
Tell me, quoth he, can man in joy abound;
For where, unless in wine, is pleasure found?

A I R .

Then leave off all thinking,
There's pleasure in drinking,
That none but a buck can define;
For the bottle and glass,
I refer to a lass,
And would sell the whole sex for good wine.
Oh! could I with ease,
My palate but please,
Ye gods! how in claret I'd roll;
With a quantum of claret,
Content in a garret,
I'd enjoy both my bottle and bowl.

Then

Then talk not of whoring,
 Of ranting and roaring,
 And kicking a dust up at night;
 For I will maintain,
 All pleasure is pain,
 Where the bottle procures not delight.

Then replenish the glass,
 Who denies is an ass,
 The bottle, the flask, and the bowl;
 But he who right thinks,
 And like myself drinks,
 I pronounce him a buck and a soul.



S O N G X C I I I.

The T I P P E T.

To the Tune of *Down the burn Davie*.

IN low'ring clouds the day was drest,
 The wintry tempest blew,
 When Fanny o'er her snowy breast,
 A sable tippet threw.
 Then Cupid thus said, naked I
 Must bear the piercing wind,
 Beneath the tippet let me lie,
 And kindly shelter find.

That trifling favour shall be thine,
 The pitying maid reply'd,
 But first that use to bow resign,
 And lay those darts aside.
 The joyful God with eager haste,
 The graceful fair obey'd,
 And on her soft delicious breast
 His shivering limbs he laid.

At

At length I taste a joy sincere,
 Cry'd out the happy God,
 O! let me, living ever here,
 Maintain this blest abode.
 But soon he felt more piercing cold
 Than e'er before he knew;
 And, forc'd to quit his heavenly hold,
 He strait to Paphos flew.



* S O N G X C I V .

Tune, Kitty Fell.

FOR Chloe long had Damon sigh'd,
 And knelt and swore, and pray'd, and cry'd,
 Nay, did the duce knows what!
 Insensible to all his pain,
 She boasted that he wore her chain,
 And made it——common chat!

Whate'er he did, whate'er he spoke,
 She turn'd to ridicule and joke,
 Or never gave him hearing;
 At length, tir'd out, he left the chace,
 And swore:——no more to see her face!
 But what's a lover's swearing?

The cunning nymph with female art,
 Now play'd upon his yielding heart,
 And smil'd with approbation!
 He, simple gudgeon, snap't the bait,
 With eager arms embrac'd his mate,
 And doats!——to adoration.

SONG. XCV.

The SWEET-HEART.*Sung at Sadler's-Wells.*

AS t' other day I pensive sat,
My needle to improve ;
I at our door hear'd pit a pat,
Yet little dreamt of love.
'Twas Damon to our cottage came,
His passion to impart ;
And I, unknowing of the same,
Cry'd——pray come in—Sweet-heart.

It was a term I got by chance,
It makes some maidens rue ;
But if the youths so bold advance,
What can us virgin's do ?
Hey day ! I cry'd, what work is this,
So fell upon him tart ;
I hope, says he, there's nought amiss,
For I am your Sweet-heart.

To court one so, says I, is wrong,
Well, let's to church cries he ;
I, vex'd at this, cried, get along,
I'll bear you company.
But soon I turn'd ill temper round,
For Damon has desert ;
So still when pit a pat he's found,
I cry, come in——Sweet-heart.

* S O N G XCVI.

D U E T T O.

Shepherd.

HOW charming is the month of May!
 How sweet the birds sing on each spray!
 The meads with various flowers crown'd,
 How gay is nature all around!
 How happy every nymph, and swain,
 Who blest with rural mirth the plain.

Shepherds.

'Tis virtue, shepherd, is the cause,
 That every pleasing prospect draws!
 That gone, in vain the birds would sing,
 Adieu the May, adieu the Spring;
 Where innocence delights to reign,
 How sweet the sport, how blest the plain.

Both.

Where innocence delights to reign,
 How sweet the sport, how blest the plain.



S O N G XCVII.

YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid
 The eyes of love could see;
 And but one fault the charmer had,
 'Twas cruelty to me.
 No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd,
 Was fonder, or was younger;
 Yet when her pity I implor'd,
 'Twas "Stay a little longer."

It

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,
 One May-morn in the grove;
 When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 "Now, now's the time for love."
 I clasp'd the maid, it wak'd her pride,
 "What, did I mean to wrong her?"
 Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd,
 But love will stay no longer.

Then, kneeling at her feet I swore,
 How much I lov'd, how well;
 And that my heart, which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell.
 Consent stood speaking in the eye,
 Of all my care's prolonger;
 Yet soft she utter'd, with a sigh,
 Oh, stay a little longer.

The conflict in her soul I saw,
 'Twixt virtue and desire;
 Oh, come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law
 Give sanction to love's fire.
 Ye lovers, guess how great my joys;
 Could rapture well prove stronger!
 When virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,
 You now shall stay no longer.



SONG XCVIII.

A TOUCH on the TIMES.

The Words by James Worfdale, Esq; Set by Dr. Arne.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
 Since folly was never so ripe;
 For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
 That give his own follies a wipe:

Should you find her, you'll get no relief,
She'll still interfere with your love!

She's a vixen, a witch, and a thief,
And what I advance, I can prove.

Whenever my Delia I meet,
That instant the Damsel is there,
And e'er we can fix on a seat,
She squats herself down in a chair.

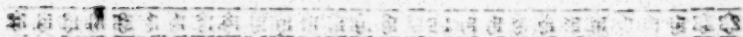
That she deals in the magical art,
Sure none will pretend to deny,
Else how could she compass the part,
To be always officiously by?

She's a thief,—and I know it by this,
Nay, Delia will sometimes complain;
For oft when I borrow a kiss,
Content steals it from me again.

She's a vixen I boldly aver,
And blinded with folly and pride,
Thinks none can be bless'd without her,
And all are unhappy beside.

T' other day to my Delia's I went,
With anger and spleen in my hand,
When, soon as I enter'd, Content
Made 'em fly at the word of command.

Delighted with frolics like these,
For trust me, you'll have no redress,
Ye swains take her home if you please,
I'm content with the share I possess.



S O N G C.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,
All satirise the fair;
In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime,
Their foibles they declare;

I 3

The

The kind are bold ; the chaste are cold ;
 These prudish ; those to free ;
 Ye curious men, come tell us then,
 What shou'd a woman be !

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,
 Where optics are untrue ;
 The muse shall here th' indicted clear,
 And prove the crimes on you :
 The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
 On whom his with was plac'd ;
 The fool deny'd, affects the pride,
 And rails to be in taste.

But not like these, the men of bliss,
 Their sure criterion fix ;
 No ; wisdom cries, my sons arise,
 And vindicate the sex !
 'Tis theirs to prove those sweets of love,
 Which others never share ;
 And evidence, that none have sense,
 But who adore the fair.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace,
 Celestially imprest !
 'Tis yours to quell, the cares that dwell
 Within the human breast ;
 At beauty's voice, our souls rejoice,
 And rapture wakes to birth ;
 And Jove design'd, th' enchanting kind,
 To form a heav'n on earth.

Oh, ev'ry art to win the heart,
 Ye dear inspirers try ;
 Each native charm, with fashion arm,
 And let love's light'nings fly ;
 And hence, ye grave, your counsel save,
 Which youth but sets at nought ;
 For woman still, will have her will ;
 And so I think she ought.

SONG

SONG CI.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

*Taken from a celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr.
HOGARTH.*

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid fat his finger's press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad ;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's melfs forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it is the roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

AIR.

(*Ellen a Roen.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfals runs out at my eyes.

While

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While I hereremain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard-hearted Loui !

Why did I come to you ?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney sat,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawny, is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down !

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef ! &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame :
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst ;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G C II.

The M I L K - M A I D.

Sung at Sadlers-Wells.

COMING home with my milk, the young squire
I met,
Says he, Polly, love, set down your pails,
I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt ;
If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige

T' oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,
 I presently quitted my pails;
 He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,
 And kiss'd me,——I should not tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down,
 I begg'd to go home with my pails;
 He vow'd to such pitch his fond passion was grown,
 He'd wed,——but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
 That I little more thought of my pails;
 'Till beyond all escaping I found him possess'd
 Of my heart,——but I shou'd'nt tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,
 And ease me the carriage of pails;
 If he do'nt, why as sure as a mussel has life,
 If I'm silent——there's one will tell tales.



SONG CIII.

INOCULATION.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

OF all professions in the town
 To humour each condition,
 There's none can thrive so well you'll own
 As that of a physician;
 They hum, and haw, and do what not,
 To win your approbation;
 But now a rare device they've got,
 And that's——Inoculation.

The Small-Pox is a sad disease,
 There's no one here can doubt it;
 The lawyer teazes for his fees,
 Nay, we can't do without it.

So be our patients high or low,
 Our price is to their station ;
 The purse or body undergo
 What's call'd——Inoculation.

Our constitution's wond'rous strange,
 Cries ev'ry politician ;
 Some epidemic humours range,
 But whose the state's phyfician ?
 A Pitt once try'd to cleanse the blood,
 And purify the nation ;
 But 'twou'd not do, for in one word,
 It wants——Inoculation.

Let Inns and Outs do what they will,
 On politics the prate is ;
 Physicians flourish by their bill,
 But few advice give gratis ;
 Hence forward let each lafs and youth,
 Without the least evasion,
 In wedlock join with love and truth,
 And dread——Inoculation.



S O N G C I V.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
 A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;
 I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.
 He ask'd me to let him go with me there ;
 No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear ;
 I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

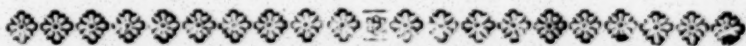
You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile ;
 We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile ;
 I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.

To

To go with him farther I did not much care,
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare,
For I dreamt of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he cou'd :
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
For I'd not for the world he shou'd dare to be rude.
Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last year ;
If he should do so, I would go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no :
He press'd my soft lips, as if there he wou'd grow ;
(Take care how that way with a shepherd you go,
Confounded I ran, when I found that his snare :
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.



S O N G C V.

F O R T U N E and the L O V E R.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

YOung scornful, Daphne Damon lov'd with truth ;
She bright in charms, and he a comely youth ;
Ah ! cruel nymph ! no soft concession ?——no !
'Tis mighty strange, but women will do so.
Dame Fortune, pitying, led the love-sick swain,
In pensive mood, along the flow'ry plain ;
Then whisper'd, cast thine eyes to yonder shade.—
He did ; and saw reclin'd the blooming maid :
Urg'd by the goddess, boldly he advanc'd,
While in his breast his heart with rapture danc'd ;
Smil'd on the fair, sat down, and snatch'd a kiss,
Then sung, in prelude to expected bliss.

V O L. I.

K

A I R.

AIR.

Too long has Daphne scorn'd a youth,
 Whose gentle flame, and spotless truth,
 Her bosom shou'd approve;
 But now her eyes, that clear the day,
 In beams of soft compliance play,
 And love shall meet with love.

RECITATIVE.

Perhaps, the fair dissembler made reply,
 Perhaps my scorn was Damon's heart to try;
 But, shou'd our joys yon praying shepherd see,
 How wou'd they talk of you, and laugh at me!
 For one day more suspend your ardent love;
 At twelve to-morrow, in the myrtle grove
 Attend; — be patient, secret, and be blest:
 Remember twelve; — let fancy paint the rest.
 Brib'd by her words, on honour's strict parole,
 The swain dismiss'd the partner of his soul.
 All tedious pass'd the live-long night away;
 At length the lark proclaim'd the new born day,
 When Damon 'rose, and sought th' appointed bow'r,
 Invoking Sol to haste the noon-tide hour:
 It came. — The clock struck one, two, three, four, five.
 No Daphne came; — yet Daphne was alive:
 Despair and rage the shepherd's mind divide;
 Oh, cruel Fortune! cheating nymph! he cry'd.
 Just as he spoke, when near, though unconfess'd,
 The injur'd goddess thus the fool address'd;

AIR.

Fortune, thou no more shalt see,
 Hid in clouds. she speaks to thee!
 Idle loit'rer! silly swain!
 Why of me dost thou complain?
 Late I led thee where thy art
 Might have won the fair one's heart;
 Cold or kind, thou didst not win it; —
 Lo! to miss the lucky minute.

Didst

Didst thou credulous believe,
 Daphne meant not to deceive ?
 Did thy heart not pant for bliss,
 Animated by a kiss ?
 Vain thy future suit shall prove ;
 Women should be press'd to love ;
 And she thinks the duce is in it, —
 If you miss the lucky minute.



SONG CVI.

The DETERMIN'D NYMPH.

Sung at Ranelagh.

WELL, if I continue but in the same mind,
 I never shall wed I protest ;
 There's something so shocking in all the male-kind,
 That bad my thoughts picture the best.

The nymphs think it strange that I shou'd be so
 annoy'd

At man that was meant for our good ;
 But what's in one's nature, one cannot avoid,
 I'd be in the mode if I cou'd.

The shepherd's all wonder that from them I fly,
 If seen o'er the plain as I go ;
 Why still let 'em wonder at distance say I,
 The men shou'd be always kept so.

Young Colin declares my aversion's a joke,
 And thinks in my heart to succeed ;
 For woman, he says, never thought as she spoke ;
 He's mighty obliging indeed !

He caught me just now, and it came in his head
 To kiss me, but from him I tore ;
 Yet, really believe, had he done as he said,
 He cou'd not have frighted me more.

I hope that such freedoms he'll ne'er again use,
 My fix'd resolution to try ;
 For, oh, I'm quite certain I shall not refuse,
 Good lack ! I mean, shall not comply.



SONG CVII.

The CONVERT.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN Colin first met me upon the gay green,
 He kiss'd me, and call'd me his heart's little
 queen ;

Such rudeness, I cry'd, I your title disdain,
 And pray never offer—to kiss me again.

He who little skill in our sex had acquir'd,
 Believ'd, simple youth, I spoke what I desir'd ;
 He told me how hard an injunction I'd said ;
 I know it was hard,—that he took what I said.

My fancy now whisper'd more kindness to show,
 One kiss had instructed my bosom to glow ;
 My heart thus the shepherd ensnar'd by a whim,
 I thought he lov'd me, —I was sure I lov'd him.

He'd let his flocks rove for my sake all the day,
 He'd say such soft things as all soft lovers say ;
 But, as I forbid him, my lips were forgot,
 Cou'd this be call'd courtship ? —I really think not.

At

At length, by good luck, he took courage, and cry'd,
Will Phillis consent to be Colin's sweet bride;
I grew in a passion, but cou'd by degrees,
Yet made him no answer,——but yes, if you please.

And now I'm a wife, I'm no longer a prude;
The station has sooth'd me to what I thought rude;
For now, when a kiss I receive from my swain,
My duty commands me——to kiss him again.



SONG CVIII.

KITTY GUNNING.

Sung at Ranelagh.

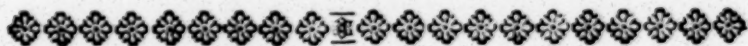
WHILE others, on exalted wing,
The feats of arms, or heroes sing,
With matchless art and cunning;
A gentler theme attracts my muse,
A theme Apollo's-self might choose,
'Tis pretty Kitty Gunning.

Oh, had the God beheld this fair,
When Daphne caus'd his am'rous care,
And baulk'd his wish by running!
His heart had felt a fiercer flame,
The rival of the laurel'd dame
Had then been Kitty Gunning.

On ev'ry nymph in beauty's train
I oft' have gaz'd, but gaz'd in vain;
Ten thousand there's not one in,
That shines adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Nor half the charms of mien and face,
So bright in Kitty Gunning.

The little loves attend her air,
 And tangled in her silver hair,
 Make fate too sure for shunning;
 Her looks, ah, there description dies!
 For what can paint the beaming eyes
 Of charming Kitty Gunning?

Tho' some assert the female tongue,
 Is ever restless, ever wrong,
 Our ears with prattle stunning;
 Yet blest with wit and sense refin'd,
 And bright at once in form and mind,
 Is blooming Kitty Gunning.



S O N G C I X.

The MUTUAL DETERMINATION.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Damon left his gentle Chloe's side,
 Nay more, had made another nymph his bride;
 Poor Chloe now cou'd taste no joy in life;
 "What, eighteen years of age and not a wife!"
 She sought the brook so deep, within the bow'r,
 Resolv'd to die, ay, die that very hour;
 (What ills are caus'd by wicked, wicked men!)
 Yet ere she met the wave, she thus began:

A I R.

Why didst thou vow eternal truth,
 Yet bear so false a mind?
 How cou'st thou slight, ungrateful youth,
 A shepherdess so kind?

My

My shade thy haunted thoughts shall see
 By day, by night thy dream ;
 For, Damon, now I die by thee ;
 I plunge into the stream.

RECITATIVE.

But think not Chloe did so, desp'rate lass,
 We often say what never comes to pass.
 It chanc'd a youth, as slighted by his fair
 As Chloe by her swain, had wander'd there ;
 The self-same purpose urg'd his footsteps too,
 But Cupid whisper'd what 'twere best to do ;
 Unseen he heard the turtle mourn her mate,
 Then forth he springs to snatch her from her fate ;
 His own sad tale, to sooth her, he began ;
 He rail'd at faithless woman, she at man ;
 Yet sure, he cry'd, one nymph may still be true,
 But not a youth, she sigh'd——unless 'tis you.
 Soon kindred smart in mutual passion ended,
 And drowning seem'd on neither side intended.

AIR.

Then hand in hand new joys to prove
 Well pleas'd they tript away ;
 Resolv'd to live a while in love,
 And die another day.



* SONG CX.

DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

Tune, Let me alone.

ONE morning last week, as I walk'd for the air,
 Cross the fields from my cottage, young Daphne
 the fair

Pas'd by me ; I hasten'd up to her with speed,
 And told her I lov'd her, I lov'd her indeed.

Love

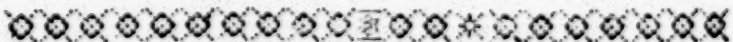
Love me, child, says she ! Lord, how idle you talk,
Like one that wants sleep, pray continue your walk,
Nor hinder me thus ; for believe me, no heed,
Will I ever give to you, not I, Sir, indeed.

Pray, where is your haste love, the day does but dawn,
Come, take a step with me, just over the lawn ;
No longer be cruel, nor cause thus to bleed
A heart that you've wounded, that loves you indeed.

Why, hey-day ! Amintor, what nonsense is here,
I fancy young shepherd your head is not clear ;
Prithee, haste to your sheep, they of you have great
need,
For I never shall love you, not I, Sir, indeed.

Well, since that you slight me, I'll e'en go my way,
For I talk to the wind every word that I say ;
With you I see plain, I shall never succeed ;
So Daphne, adieu, tho' I love you indeed.

Amintor, have patience, for what I have spoke
Was not true all the while but a piece of a joke,
On purpose to try you ; yet since 'tis decreed,
That us two must be one, I do love you indeed.



SONG CXI.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on ;
The warblers sung in liv'lier strain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain.
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph, away !
For this is nature's holiday.

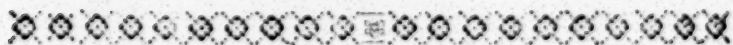
The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;
The painted mead he instant pass'd,

And

As tow'rd her cott he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd, she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before;
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;
 Talk'd much of death, should she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But trust me I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn;
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.



S O N G CXIII.

Invitation to the CHACE.

By S. BOYACE.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls, —away!
 Come the grave; come the gay;
 'Wake to music that 'wakens the skies;
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn;
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountain so high!

Shrilly

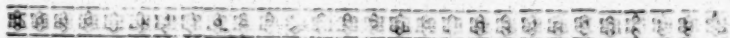
Shrilly ope's the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods, and the valleys reply.

Our fore-fathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood
By encountering the pard and the boar ;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace full in sight,
Gods, how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine !
Where is care ? where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys !
Lo, eat pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole !
Then, ere we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.



S O N G CXIV.

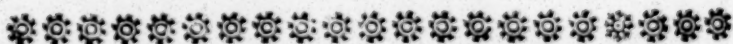
The Flowers of the Forest.

A DIEU ye streams that smoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower

Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale ;
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around ;
But ah ! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.



S O N G X C V.

Tune, What have ye done ye Powers above.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
And on the verdant plain ;
Oh how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To please the lovely maid !
Whilst from all sense of care w'are freed
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain seems in the sky ;
Then to our oaken safe retreat
We'd both together hie.

There repeat my vows of love
Unto the charming fair ;
Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart shou'd prove
Her love like mine, sincere.

When

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath our oaken tree we'll rest,
 In joys not to be told.

Then when Aurora's beams set free
 The next enliv'ning day,
 We'll turn our flocks at liberty,
 Then down we'll sit and play.



* S O N G C X V I .

The T R A I N B A N D S .

A C A N T A T A .

RECITATIVE.

A Bout the warm season when farmers reapcorn
 A feather each citizen claps on his horn :
 With the thoughts of a muster his spirits abound,
 And without fear he steers to the Artillery Ground :
 There he sees all the regiment, the colonel and
 captain,

Red cloaths and big looks ingeniously wrapt in.
 Commanders with age bent, a very sad thing,
 Who stumble and hobble like Pigs in a string ;
 And after an hour is wasted, or near,
 To know right from left, and the front from the rear ;
 With abundance of bustle they're jumbled together,
 The cobbler and porter, the beau and his feather :
 Some staggering with drink, and some hobbling with
 coins,

And scratching their heads as if groping for horns ;
 At length, the command r, for silence roars out,
 And then thus addresses the whimsical rout.

The SONGSTER'S

AIR.

Take notice of what you're about,
 All other thoughts despise ;
 A soldier never should be out,
 But know his exercise.

A man that would acquire fame,
 Shou'd much in arms delight ;
 To get an everlasting name,
 He should shine forth in fight.

RECITATIVE.

This said, then the drummers beat an alarm,
 And throughout the field they cry arm—arm—arm !
 Then in two parts divided, both father and brother,
 To fight like true Englishmen, one against t' other ;
 Then, thus the command is, to rank and to file,
 With looks so important, wou'd make a dog smile.

AIR.

Make ready my boys,
 And well ram your powder ;
 'Twill make the more noise,
 And sound much the louder.

RECITATIVE.

The captain then holding his cane up on high,
 Cries fire my lads, and let your wads fly ;
 But pops down his noddle almost to the grass,
 For fear that a bullet should fly in his face ;
 Or least the fierce flame that admits no restraining,
 Should burn his fine wig, kept on purpose for training :
 Then their drums and their musquets at once cease
 to rattle,
 And thus is concluded the bloodyless battle.
 The fight being ended, the power is o'er,
 And the chief now but counsels, who order'd before.

AIR.

A I R.

My lads you've done well,
 In fight you excel,
 And are heroes in wars and alarms ;
 Pray, go home to your wives,
 Those who've not lost their lives,
 And revel and bask in their arms.

SONG CXVII.

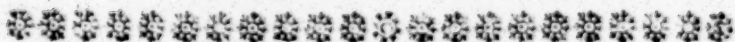
By S. B O Y C E.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rovd ;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd :
 Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest ;
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last,
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail ;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail ;
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confest ;
 That man cannot enough adore ;
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight,
 May glow with fierce desire ;
 Yet, tho' possession yields delight,
 It damps the lawless fire ;
 But love's celestial faithful flames,
 Still catch from breast to breast ;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims,
 That constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results ;
 No real raptures flow ;
 But fix'd to one the soul exults,
 And taste of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Truth's fair form impress ;
 And reason dictate to mankind,
 That constancy is best.



SONG CXVIII.

BETSY.

A New Song, *sung at Ranelagh by Mr. HUDSON.*

The Musick by Mr. HERON.

AWAKE, thou blithesome God of day,
 Invite each songster round ;
 Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,
 The world with mirth abound.
 My Betsy's sweet, seraphic charms,
 In raptures now I sing ;
 Soon let her prison be my arms,
 And I'll thy tribute bring.

Ye regents, who the realms above
 With godlike sweetness guard,
 Fair Betsy's heart invade with love,
 Her faithful swain reward.
 If not, avant, ye Gods divine,
 Contented let me die ;
 My Betsy's eyes much brighter shine
 Than all your spangled sky.

No longer boast your lilies fair,
 Now russet seems your snow,
 With Betsy's skin their white compare,
 Where new born roses grow :
 Your sun that gilds the realms above above,
 At distance heat must give,
 But Betsy's eyes will always prove
 How sweet it is to live.



SONG CXIX.

The BRITISH FAIR.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT *at* Vauxhall.

PHOEBUS, meaner Themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair ;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare ;
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of Worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare ;
 Have no pleasure, life or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare ;
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British Fair.

SONG CXX.

By S. BOYCE.

PUSH around the brisk glass, I proclaim him
an ass,

That at cares of the world can repine ;
'Twas our sorrow to drown, and dispel fortune's
frown,

That Jove sent us the juice of the vine :
'Tis but this in all sects that true friendship protects,
And irradiates the lamp of our clay ;
This the parsons' looks teach, tho' against it they
preach ;

So regard them who please, I say.

'Tis not long ago, since a vicar I know,
But whose name 'twere ungodly to tell ;
Round the bottle and bowl, sat with many a good
soul,

Full of glee, till ding dong went the bell ;
Then heaving a hick-up, and chair with a kick-up,
" I must go or the church will complain ;
But friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
priesthood,

I'll just preach, and be with you again."

So the parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest ;
To the pulpit he 'rose, but soon fell in a doze,
And roar'd, " Excellent wine I protest."
The whole congregation, in great consternation,
Left the church, with a sigh at the cause ;
But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, Sir, they're all
out,

" Oh, then fill 'em again my brave boys !"

Tho' in law 'tis design'd. Justice still shou'd be blind,
Yet she'll peep if self-int'rest but call ;
And I'm certain you wou'd, with a hog'shead that's
good,

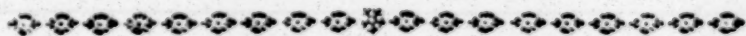
Bribe the council, judge, jury, and all.

I was

I was one of the quest, on a man gone to rest,
 And said felo-de-se, if 'tis so;
 Cry'd the first of the jury, and damn'd like a fury,
 "Sir, not your fellow, I'd have you know!"

I once kept a kind miss, and surpriz'd her in bliss,
 With a quaker, a cuckoldy knave;
 Why how now, you false punk! oh, my dear I was
 drunk:

As she reason'd so well, I forgave.
 If to drink be a fault, by the scriptures we're taught,
 For old Noah wou'd tipple they say;
 And we gather from hence, that all mortals of sense,
 Shou'd be sons of old Noah,—huzza!



* S O N G CXXI.

Tune, Where shall Celia fly for Shelter, &c.

SEARCH the world, 'tis love and beauty,
 Sways in general all mankind;
 And 'tis merely but a duty,
 By dame Nature's law we find.
 Still we roam in search of pleasure,
 Which by no criterions known;
 Each according to his leisure,
 Makes one particular his own.

Some love wealth, and some the bottle,
 Some to sigh at beauty's feet;
 Some to pore over Aristotle,
 Some to lie, and some to cheat:
 Some are struck with deep devotion,
 Heav'n alone their bosoms fill;
 Some the perils of the ocean,
 Some the mead and purling rill.

Some

Some love peace, and some love fighting,
 And some the glories of the chace ;
 I, in poetry delighting,
 Sing the charms of Delia's face.
 Make me happy with that fair one,
 With a bottle and a friend ;
 The rest, who will, may have. I care none,
 Nor what more the fates intend.



SONG CXXII.

THOMAS and SALLY.

*An additional Song in THOMAS and SALLY, sung by
 Mr. BEARD.*

BEHOLD, from many an hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows burst, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 Which ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toil and perils past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil :
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweet hearts with the spoil.
 No one to beauty thou'd pretend,
 But such as dare it's rights defend.
 No one, &c.

SONG

SONG CXXIII.

LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON at Ranelagh.

SINCE all the charms on earth combine
In Chloë's face, in Chloë's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see,
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
My life was lively, blithe and gay,
Could sport with ev'ry nymph, but she,
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloë, e'er too late,
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love, and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy ev'ry clown I see
Enjoy the sweet of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And ev'ry idle care disdain,
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.



SONG CXXIV.

The ROSE and THISTLE.

To the Tune of the Lilies of France.

THE Rose of Old England so dearly caress'd,
Has long, by hard usage, been sorely oppress'd;
A weed that's pernicious, in spite of all care,
Incumbers the ground of her garden so fair.

The

But the shepherd whom Cupid
 Has pierc'd to the heart,
 Will submissive adore,
 And rejoice in the smart ;
 Will submissive, &c.
 Or in plaintive soft murmurs,
 His bosom-felt woe,
 Like the smooth-gliding current
 Of rivers will flow.
 Or in plaintive, &c.

Thought silent his tongue,
 He will plead with his eyes,
 And his heart own your sway,
 In a tribute of sighs ;
 And his heart, &c.
 But when he accosts you,
 In meadow or grove,
 His tale is so tender,
 He cooes like the dove.
 But when he, &c.



* S O N G CXXVI.

ONE morn in May as Strephon rov'd,
 Contemplating on her he lov'd ;
 Sweet Virtue deck'd the prospect round,
 Each bird sent forth a pleasant sound ;
 While every gale from every bloom,
 Diffus'd a grateful fine perfume.

Ah ! what 's this beauteous scene to me,
 Now sigh'd the youth ? in vain I see
 The May-blown bush, or flow'ry plain,
 Or hear the warblers tuneful strain ;
 My Delia absent, nought can please,
 Nought give my tortur'd bosom ease

Where

Where strays my love, what happier swain
 Can Delia from my arms detain?
 What artful youth, with tales of love,
 Now keeps thee from thy native grove?
 Come! come my fair one, come away,
 Nor kill me with thy longer stay.

A garland sweet I'd wove for you,
 With flowers of the sweetest hue;
 Yet, ah! how soon the flowers decay'd,
 Thy presence wanting lovely maid;
 So fade my hopes, thou fickle fair,
 For hope is conquer'd by despair.

As thus exclaim'd the jealous youth,
 The nymph with real love and truth,
 (Who heard behind a bush the while)
 Advancing, met him with a smile;
 Forgive, that thus your faith I try'd,
 I'm your's for ever, now, she cry'd.

The youth, surpriz'd, with joy elate,
 In raptures blest his happy fate;
 Next morn in hymeneal bands,
 United were their hearts and hands:
 Friendship and love their minds employ,
 And all the village rung with joy.



S O N G CXXVII.

Sung at MARYBONE GARDENS.

MY cautious mother, t' other day,
 Cry'd, Polly, mind me, do!
 I saw young Damon come this way,
 And fear he came to you.
 You know he's gay, and thought a rake,
 So never welcome make him:
 Thus I get scolded for his sake—
 I wish the Duce wou'd take him.

"Tis

'Tis true, I met him in the grove ;
 He gently grasp'd my hand,
 Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love
 Than I could understand ;
 And who'd have thought that we were seen ?
 But of such tricks I'll break him,
 If he wont tell me what they mean,
 The Duce sure ought to take him.

I often feel by bosom glow
 With warmth I never knew,
 If this be love that haunts me so,
 What can a virgin do ?
 Indeed, for pipe, for dance, and song,
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd stake him ;
 But if he rantalizes long,
 I hope the Duce will take him.'

They say from wedlock springs delight,
 Then let him place his mind,
 I've no objection to unite
 With one so fond and kind.
 My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth ;
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
 Will be, Duce take 'em both.



SONG CXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent at Marybone Gardens.

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 And give my sorrows their full scope.
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,

VOL. I.

M

Think

Think what I feel (where'er thou art)
Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing cast rides
Upon the bosom of the deep,
The stormy wind and waves abide,
And navigation bids thee sleep.
But balmy sleep and downy rest,
Shall fly the tempest in thy breast
When jealous fears like mine shall prove,
The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, are winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind
Than those the skilful seamen braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind.
The advent'rous maid, embark'd like me,
That sails on such a troubled sea,
The ocean's rage wou'd gladly meet,
And in his depths seek a retreat.

Yet, oh! be still, my frantick train,
Let reason whisper to thy fears;
My sailor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears.
When Fame, with all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms!
And one blest hour together blend,
The Lover, Hero, Husband, Friend.

C H O R U S,

*By Mrs. Vincent, Miss Davis, Mr. Raworth, and
Mr. Taylor.*

Britannia, hail! thou mighty Queen,
The strenght, the power, the seas are thine.
Long may thy power or justice lean,
To be preserv'd they must combine.
To courage singly ne'er resort,
For virtue is thy only support;
'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

S O N G

SONG CXXIX.

A BALLAD.

Taken from the Vicar of WAKEFIELD, a Tale, in two Volumes, 12mo. An ingenious performance, just published by Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 ‘ And guide my lonely way,
 ‘ To where yon taper chears the vale,
 ‘ With hospitable ray,
 ‘ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow;
 ‘ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’
 ‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 ‘ For yonder phantom only flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.
 ‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 ‘ My door is open still:
 ‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.
 ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows;
 ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 ‘ My blessing, and repose.
 ‘ No flocks that range the valley free
 ‘ To slaughter I condemn:
 ‘ Taught by that power that pities me,
 ‘ I learn to pity them.

- ' But from the mountain's grassy side,
' A guiltless feast I bring ;
' A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
' And water from the spring.
' Then pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
' For earth-born cares are wrong :
' Man wants but little here below,
' Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The door just opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crouds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

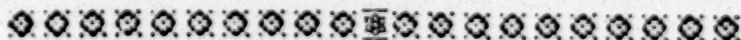
His

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?
 ' From better habitations spurn'd,
 ' Reluctant dost thou rove ;
 ' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 ' Or unregarded love ?
 ' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
 ' Are trifling and decay ;
 ' And those who prize the paltry things
 ' More trifling still than they.
 ' And what is friendship but a name,
 ' A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 ' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 ' But leaves the wretch to weep ?
 ' And love is still an emptier sound,
 ' The haughty fair one's jest :
 ' On earth unseen, or only found
 ' To warm the turtles's nest.
 ' For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 ' And spurn the sex,' he said :
 But while he spoke a rising blush
 The bashful guest betray'd.
 He sees unnumber'd beauties rise,
 Expanding to the view ;
 Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.
 Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
 ' And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 ' A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd ;
 ' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
 ' Where heav'n and you reside.

- ‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
‘ Whom love has taught to stray ;
‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
‘ Companion of her way.
- ‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
‘ He had but only me.
- ‘ To win me from his tender arms,
‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
‘ And felt, or feign’d a flame.
- ‘ Each morn the gay phantastic croud,
‘ With richest proffers strove :
‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
‘ But never talk’d of love.
- ‘ In humble simplest habit clad,
‘ No wealth nor power had he ;
‘ A constant heart was all he had,
‘ But that was all to me.
- ‘ The blossom opening to the day,
‘ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
‘ Could nought of purity display,
‘ To emulate his mind.
- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
‘ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
‘ Their constancy was mine.
- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
‘ Importunate and vain ;
‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
‘ I triumph’d in his pain.

‘ Till

- ' Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 ' He left me to my pride ;
 ' And sought a solitude forlorn,
 ' In secret where he died.
 ' But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 ' And well my life shall pay ;
 ' I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 ' And stretch me where he lay.
 ' And there forlorn despairing hid,
 ' I'll lay me down and die :
 ' 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ' And so for him will I.
 ' Thou shalt not thus,' the hermit cry'd,
 ' And clasp'd her to his breast :
 ' The wandering fair one turn'd to chide,
 ' 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.
 ' Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ' My charmer, turn to see ;
 ' Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 ' Restor'd to love and thee.
 ' Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ' And ev'ry care resign :
 ' And shall we never, never part ?
 ' O thou—my all that's mine.
 ' No, never from this hour to part,
 ' We'll live and love so true ;
 ' The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 ' Shall break thy Edwin's too."



S O N G CXXX.

From the Virginia Gazette, May 2.

SURE never was picture drawn more to the life,
 Or affectionate husband more fond of his wife,
 Than America copies and loves Britain's sons,
 Who, conscious of freedom, are bold as great guns.
Hearts

Hearts of oak are we still, for we're sons of those
men,

Who always are ready ; steady, boys, steady ;
To fight for their freedom, again and again.

Tho' we feast and grow fat on American soil,
Yet we own ourselves subjects of Britain's fair isle ;
And who's so absurd to deny us the name,
Since true British blood flows in every vein ?

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then cheer up, my lads, to your country be firm,
Like kings of the ocean, we'll weather each storm ;
Integrity calls out ; fair Liberty, see,
Waves her flag o'er our heads, and her words are,
Be Free.

Hearts of oak, &c.

To King George, as true subjects, we loyal bow down,
But hope we may call Magna Charta our own :
Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,
Great-Britain has order'd her sons to be Free.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Poor Esau his birth-right gave up for a bribe,
Americans scorn the mean soul-selling Tribe :
Beyond life our freedom we choose to possess,
Which, thro' life we'll defend, and abjure a broad S.
Hearts of oak are we still, and we're sons of those
men,

Who fear not the ocean, brave roarings of cannon,
To stop all oppression, again and again.

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd Liberty wear,
What Englishmen ought, we Americans dare ;
Though tempests and terrors around us we see,
Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that are
free.

Hearts of oak are we still, for we're sons of those
men,

Who always are ready ; steady, boys, steady ;
To fight for their freedom, again and again.

With

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine ;
 Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine :
 Let us set an example what all men should be,
 And a toast give the world, " Here's to those dare be
 Free."

Hearts of oak, &c.



SONG CXXXI.

The EXPEDITION

Tune, Hearts of Oak, &c.

YE true British hearts who your fortunes would
 make
 Rouse up, and this fair opportunity take,
 Brave Byron more fruitful discoveries to make,
 Again means to traverse the great Southern Lake.

CHORUS.

Come push off your boats, bid adieu to the shore,
 The canvas is spreading,
 The hero is leading,
 To countries unknown to Europeans before.

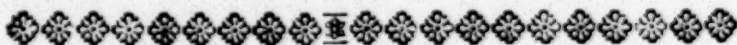
Our British Columbus, the brave commadore,
 Who sail'd round the wide world, and twice made the
 tour,

Has found out the land we have long wish'd to see,
 Where gold is a drug, and wants fetching away.

So sorely distress'd as we are now at home,
 Who would not for riches to distant parts roam,
 For Nabobs, or Brobdingnags, boys, must be made,
 To clear off our debt, if it is e'er to be paid.

Then

Then boys, haste away, 'tis high-time to depart,
 The sails are unfurling, be valiant each heart;
 At their size be not daunted, for if they resist,
 We'll soon let them know they're too big to be mis'd.



SONG CXXXII.

On the New Discovered ISLAND in the South Sea.

SINCE peace throughout Europe now seems to
 remain,
 And pure faith from the French, and good friend-
 ship from Spain;
 In search of good countries our ships we'll send out,
 And traffic for ingots as they sail round about.
 Derry down, &c.

For the Dolphin again her voyage will pursue,
 With mountains of gold, all before her in view,
 In a land kept by giants, of the race of Titan;
 Yet our tars shall assail 'em each man to his man.
 Derry down, &c.

The stout conflict o'er, which would fright to behold,
 The islands our own, with her bowels of gold:
 About taxes and hunger no more let us fret,
 For the nation will soon be thus quite out of debt.
 Derry down, &c.

In brass let Americans, if they think fit,
 Erect a fine statue to the great Mr. Pitt:
 In gold that of Byron in Britain shall stand,
 Who discover'd the sight of this wonderful land.
 Derry down, &c.

SONG

SONG CXXXIII.

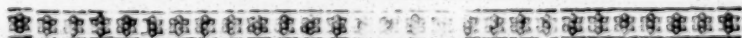
Sung by Mr. RAWORTH at Marybone Gardens.

The Mus. by Mr. SNOW, junior.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the sky,
To nurse the callow brood.
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
My faithful bottom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires.
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All simile are vain;
To show how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joys divine;
The saint is not with rapture fir'd
More pure, more warm, than mine.
Till what liberty I dare,
I were impious to say more,
Convey my longings to the fair,
The Goddess I adore.



SONG CXXXIV.

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

THIS is to give notice, to day at our wake,
Each sweet-hearting and the sport to partake,
A lovely young lass is the prize of his labours,
Who saves his own head, and breaks those of his
neighbours.

Sing tantarara, rare sport.
It's

It's uncommon to cudgel, indeed, for a wife,
 For when most men are wed, they are cudgell'd
 for life;
 Tho' they keep the best guard, nay, in fighting excel,
 Yet wives when they please, can make husband's
 head swell.

Sing tantarara, &c.

When females are scolding, we know their intent is
 To brow-beat poor spouse, 'till he's *non compos*
mentis;
 But in this our day's sport, be it known, we enact,
 The man here can't be marry'd whose skull can
 be crackt.

Sing tantarara, &c.

Make ready, ye rustics, yourselves signalize,
 Behold there the weapons, and here see the prize,
 Remember one thing, when you're ready to start,
 Each head that is broke, is a step to her heart.

Sing tantarara, &c.



S O N G CXXXV.

A favourite Song in the Oratorio of Judith.

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade:
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade.

S O N G

* SONG CXXXVI.

The FOUR NATIONS.*Tune, the Attic Fire.*

IN vain do Poets strive to sing,
 The Hero, Patriot, and King,
 That blest Great Britain's isle;
 The task's too great for any one
 Except a Homer, or Milton,
 They want both words and stile.

Hark! how the drums and trumpets sound,
 While Englishmen are bravely crown'd
 With laurels every where;
 While meagre frighted Frenchman run,
 From thund'ring roaring English gun,
 To shun death and despair.

See crowds of volunteers each day,
 Who sing to Granby haste away,
 Our honours to maintain;
 Convince monsieurs that we are free,
 In Church, in State, and Liberty,
 Lords of the land and main.

But who comes here, that wears the leek,
 Methinks a Welchman, let hur speak:
 Old Britain, what do ye say.

Tune, The House of my Father.

Why, hur name it is Taffy, and look ye here now,
 Hur has left hur own wife, hur son, and hur cow;
 And hur with hur may never go home to hur house,
 But will make the French dogs thit so small as a mouse:

Yes, Taffy will fight, cot flutter hur nails,
 For hur king and hur country, and hur own Prince
 of Wales,
 And Sawney will help hur whose heart will not fail,
 To fight with brade sword so long as a flail.

A Welchman will ne'er stay at home at hur ease,
While Frenchmen do rop hur of hur bread and
theese,

For Skenkin ap Morgan, and David ap Jones,
Were never yet fearful of breaking their bones.

Tune, Over the Hills and far away.

Broothers what are ye about,
What the de'el makes all this rout
O'er the seas, and o'er lands,
Chear up, my lads, give me your hands ;
In me you sal a broother find,
De'el damn me e'er I lag behind,
My broad sword shall give them la',
Over the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face,
Tha' run awa', we give them chafe,
Who pursue, them like the lad ;
That wear the bonnets, swords, and plaids ;
Full or empty, drunk or dry,
In vallies low, or mountains high,
In summer's heat, in frost and ina',
We alwa's gar them run awa'.

Then gi'es a cogue, and let's all sing,
Our soldiers, sailors, and our king,
And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail
To fight for old Ireland, sing grand new wale.

To its own Tune.

King George wears my harp and crown on his shield,
I'm the first in the battle, and last in the field ;
And Frenchmen swear nothing can fright a brigade,
So much as the face of a true honest Teague.

I value no Sackville, no shitfack, or louse,
Who strove to break open my mother's old house ;
For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to his face,
Makaak Mall a Mallak is now in disgrace.

Then search all Europe from end to end,
There's none more faithful to king and to friend
Than

Than honest poor Teague, who ne'er will betray
His king and his country, by night or by day.

Then take a good drink, and join all four,
We'll beat all the French were they ten times more,
And make them cry morbleu to their shame,
Or fella la le lew, and that's all the same.



SONG CXXXVII.

ODE. To SUMMER. *Set by Mr. BACH.*

Sung at Vauxhall.

CHORUS.

SOUND the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherd's come.—
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay;
As the chearful sun goes down,
Let sweet mirth your labours crown:
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See, see around from ev'ry place,
What charms the verdant vallies grace;
While fleecy flocks in comfort rove,
And bleat their tender tales of love.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and the herds come.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Here rosy Mirth and Bacchus gay,
Attend your smiling joys to crown,
While Moderation leads the way;
Such revelry to few is known.

N 2

CHORUS.

The SONGSTER'S

C H O R U S.

Sound the mery pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

The joys we taste to few are known,
Content and health our labours crown ;
No jealous fears our bosoms move,
For constant each we truly love.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Her melting Music, love inspires,
Her Peace rewards the mid-day toil ;
But far from hence are loose desires,
Here Innocence and Virtue smile.

F U L L C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay ;
As the chearful sun goes down,
Let sweet mirth your labours crown :
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.



* S O N G CXXXVIII.

The Adventures of the BOOT.

A Boot came from Scotland of mickle renown,
And determin'd to travel to fair London tow' ,
But to come empty handed it wisely did chuse,
That it much might take back, or little might lose.
With

With the length of the way, and the dust of the road,
It sweated, it panted, it puff'd, and it blow'd ;
Till with sweating, and panting, and puffing, and
swelling,

It grew much too big for a moderate dwelling.

An accident happen'd uncommonly droll,
In attempting to climb up, it fell in a hole ;
But still more amazing you'll find it, and funny,
When you're told in this hole it found store of
money.

Then it study'd its book, and succeeded so well,
That it learn'd these four letters, E—A—R and L.
And if stories against the flat truth do not jar,
It stole a blue ribband, and found a bright star.

But growing quite heedless, and vain of its wit,
It fell most unluckily into a Pitt ;

And tho' it got out, yet its fame bore a slur,
For in leaping the Pitt, it alas ! lost its spur.

This spur had long terrify'd all it came near,
And made English horses bear burdens thro' fear ;
But now it is lost, as a pike-staff is plain,
The Boot they'll despise, and their Freedom regain.



S O N G CXXXIX.

O D E. TO PLEASURE. *Set by Mr. BACH.*

Sung at Vauxhall.

C H O R U S.

SILVER vested bright and gay,
Pleasure, keeps her holy-day.

A I R. *Miss Wright.*

Smiling Mirth, and rosy Joy,
Youthful Love, appearing coy,

Join'd with Frolick indiscreet,
Form her train, with dancing feet.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsell.*

See in yonder rosy bow'rs,
Half reclin'd in beds of flow'rs,
Such a nymph as might inspire,
Hoary age with soft desire.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Miss Brent.*

Round the table bold and free,
View the Toppers full of glee ;
Jest and laughter there abound,
Now the merry glais goes round.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

See the bumper sparkling bright,
Urges on the sweet delight,
None can sure such joys refrain,
Which give mirth and cure each pain.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

• SONG CXL.

On the Death of the facetious Mr. HARRY HOWARD.

YE bucks and ye jemmies, so prim and so neat,
Who ruffle and smuggle each girl that you meet,
Leave fooling a while, if the task's not too hard,
And mourn the decease of a humorous bard.

I mean Harry Howard, that good jovial soul,
Who made us all merry o'er bottle and bowl;
But alas! cruel death, who spares none upon earth,
Has seiz'd on his songs, and arrested his mirth.

Ye Nine, whose harmonious vot'ry he liv'd,
With tears wet his grave, and shew yourselves griev'd,
Sing an elegy round it, and cyprus bestrew,
His head crown with lawrel and funeral yeugh.



SONG CXLI.

The S I S T E R S.

A BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
And ripe to be a bride;
Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
But beauty mix'd with pride.
And still to blast that happiness,
Her pride each lover cool'd;
The number of her slaves was less,
And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not bless'd
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess'd,
 And bore away the bell;
 Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew;
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose;
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female could refuse:
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone,
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The priest soon made them one.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find
 Her sister made a wife;
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.
 Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate;
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.



* SONG CXLII.

The MIGHTY TOPER.

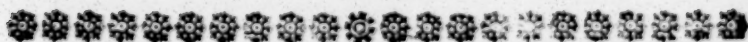
IF the ocean was clear,
 And rivers champaigne,
 We Topers wou'd drink them,
 And thoroughly drain,

All lands we'd unite
 By guzzling the sea ;
 Ships, bridges, and boats
 Then useless would be.

To Holland and Germany,
 Flanders, and France,
 We'd trip over dry shod,
 And back again dance.

When seas, rivers, ponds
 We had fairly drank up,
 We'd pray to the Gods
 To replenish the cup,

In hail to send claret,
 And Lisbon in rain,
 In dew-drops Madeira,
 In snow light Champagne.



* SONG CXLIII.

Tune, Stand around my brave Boys.

COME each jolly soul
 Who loves a full bowl,
 And to revel and roar time away ;
 With good liquor in view,
 Old care we'll pursue,
 And always be happy and gay.

Let each dull priggish parson
 Still carry the farce on,
 And preach up that drinking's a sin !
 Let him stick to his text,
 I shall not be vexed,
 But heed not his prating a pin.

Let

Let the doctor look big,
 With his Dalmahoy wig,
 Of temperance talk very grave ;
 Each pill and each sloop,
 He may keep in his shop,
 For none of his potions I'll have.

Let the grave plodding cit,
 Who hates wine and wit,
 Mind his counter or business at home ;
 To the hoghead or tun
 Alternate we'll run,
 Like Topers we'll ramble and roam.

Let patriots prate,
 How they help the state,
 Look wona'rous formal and wise ;
 By the power of drinking,
 Without any thinking,
 We do more, for we help the excise.



S O N G CXLIV.

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH at Marybone Gardens.

The Words by J ELLIS. The Music by J. COLLET, jun.

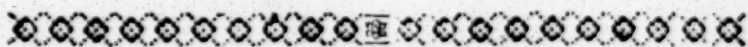
A Busy, humble bee am I,
 That range the garden sunny ;
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
 And ev'ry flow'rs my honey.
 Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
 A while my rich jonquil is,
 'Till cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
 I shift to rosy Phillis.

But Phillis's sweet op'ning breast
 Remains not long my station,
 For Kitty must be now addrest,
 My spicy-breath'd carnation.

Yet

Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'rs I'm rover,
And all in turn my love receive
The gay wide garden over.

Variety that knows no bound
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora am I found
In dalliance under hedges.
For as I am an arrant bee,
Who range each bank that's funny;
Both fields and gardens are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'rs my honey.



* S O N G CXLV.

The S I M I L E L O V E R.

O H! curse this cruel love,
It makes me like a fox,
And her I call my dove,
Is like—I don't know what

She's artful as a fox,
And like a jackall fly,
She's heavy as an ox,
And chatters like a pye.

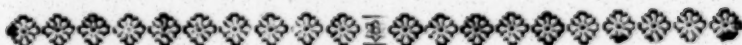
Bright as the sun at noon,
Her lovely nose does shine;
Her eyes dull as the moon,
Her mouth as wide as mine.

Her teeth as jet are black,
Her lips as milk are white,
Like a camel in the back,
A wond'rous lovely sight.

Her

Her hair for horse-hair passes,
 Her skin is like a nut,
 Her ears are long as asses,
 Her hands are black as foot.

Her mother was a cinder wench,
 Her father was a weaver ;
 She's charming as a physic drench,
 I love her like a fever.



* S O N G CXLVI.

H U M A N B O N D A G E.

SAY not mankind is free from flav'ry,
 Bondage holds the human mind,
 The poor in rags, the rich in brav'ry,
 Are alike by taste confin'd.

To every winding gust of passion,
 By our weakness still betray'd ;
 Whim, caprice, and inclination,
 Are by turns our conquerors made.

Love triumphant reigns despotic,
 Oh how hard to break its chain ;
 Anger brutal, fierce, and Gothic,
 Stern revenge, and proud disdain.

Lust, like a tempest, o'erthrows reason,
 Disregarding sighs or tears ;
 Ambition led by blood and treason,
 Dreads no sufferings, knows no fears.

In tumultuous strife abiding,
 Lives the vassals human frame,
 Passion but with death abiding,
 Give oblivion, or give fame.

SONG



